

# Maclean's

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**The Referendum Debate:** In Walter Gortzak's mind's eye, English Canadians are willing to give René Lévesque much of what he wants, save separation. Now then, with time to be gained in good will. **Page 8**



Mr. Berger's report has been duly noted. Anyone who thinks it was the last word on the Mackinaw Valley pipeline, or any pipeline for that matter, be advised it is just the end of the beginning. Page 18



**Gap Brings Blame** The official unemployment rate was 16.9% in February and the unofficial about 30%. If the last best hope is the word null, "last" appears to be the operative word.



**The master of Brixton** The festival is 25 years old this year, and thanks to its brilliant and slightly eccentric artistic director Rufus Phillips, it's as alive and full of surprises as ever.



**The Spanish Renaissance:** For the past 41 years under Franco's repressive thumb, Spain has had a democracy only from a distance. Revival began with his death and continues with Junta's election. **Page 44**



**Alma 46:20-22** Who is fighting whom? Who is threatening to fight whom? Who's walking, and who's shaking? To end the confusion, MacEachern provides a guide and map of the Almon wars.



# Interview

With sexologist-turned-gerontologist Dr. Alex Comfort

**Modestow:** I don't think that it's entirely off base. I think some revisionists had an interest in the aged. The Chinese, for instance, and the Indians have always tried to do a lot for old people. It's partly I think because the Jewish community had a very big strike in medicine. It's always been a



The right to die? It's usually the relatives who clamor for euthanasia, not the patient

**Comfort:** I don't know about that, it may have been a very healthy guilt. I wish we saw a little more of it in Anglo-Saxons but all I can say is the result, wherever it came from, has been that the body of expertise does exist and I would hope that they would be encouraged to link up with existing hospitals so that the expertise that exists there gets disseminated outside just that community and goes around to the medical profession as a whole.

**Modestow:** In your book, you refer often to the term "eugenics." Is pleasure considered to place one above the other in terms of racism and sexism? How can one square these two concepts?

**Comfort:** Although I'm not putting the old in eugenics in a camp, nobody killing off the old, nobody is overly empathizing with regard to the old, it is possible to have offices that are similar in the long term to those of over-penetration by putting them, for instance, in institutions running human when they are treated in a less than humane way.

**Modestow:** You refer repeatedly to making choices as being the absolute most possible solution to solve us with old people.

**Comfort:** Let me stress that I'm talking about the United States exclusively. This does not refer to Canada. The book was written for the United States audience. I mean here in Toronto—where you have, I mean, the largest number of elderly people in the world. Everyone you know is going still about providing medical services for the old. Even America has been better here in the old, though, mostly hospitals and through some in-home services in the most rapidly growing branch of organized care.

**Modestow:** What alternatives are there for older people who need some kind of care?

**Comfort:** Well that is usually a type situation where the lone consumer population will, you know, the person who is left is there. In all the situations where the old themselves are regarded as being efficient they're usually fairly immature. **Modestow:** The old are not a growing population.

**Comfort:** Well they're going to be around 16% or so of the population. That's a lot of old people. Also, there are no big savings in which case if change has got to be a lot higher than the whole concept of building independence has been spread to include people.

**Modestow:** Do you think caring for the aged is an ethnic thing?

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highly regarded Jewish profession and ever since Maimonides himself the Jewish community has contributed an important element to medicine and that, combined with those attitudes toward the old, has probably explained why they've put down the road so properly and a lot of their results have been when families were really involved with and if they can put an important role in the care of their elderly. That's the problem. They had to explain themselves that there was a point at which the older person would be better looked after by the experts.

**Modestow:** Do you think that's why they build better homes in order to make sure they don't have to go it孤军?

**Comments:** It has now. It didn't always. At first we had to fight for it. We've got very good generic insurance now.

**Maclean's:** In Canada, close to 75% of elderly care is volunteer. Some people are afraid that we're giving the disabled credit for helping more people as volunteers than they actually do.

**Comments:** It could be very close to general. In the short term. You have some very special problems not the least of which is finance, and it may not be possible to do it on the basis of co-operation and at that case one would have to do whatever one could. So it would I think be wrong to consider the way it is done here until we have an alternative. So far as Britain is concerned and in the US, for instance the western parts of the United States are concerned, it would be much more economical and much better for people if they could be kept in their houses as what I would term "minimum intervention." There's a pattern seen in Scandinavia where people live in protected housing and they have a available some in-home services such as a nurse who can look after them when they're sick and a refresher when they're not if they don't want to cook and a housekeeper service if they're feeling bad that day and don't want to clean up. Then they have the option of remaining self-sufficient and doing these things. Now that in America only exists for the rich and the poor. There's a lot of states like that but the problem there is to find a way of paying the type of service for lower income groups. I simply don't know whether that is true of Canada or not.

**Maclean's:** Does an old person have the right to refuse to eat? When do we intervene? he has made a hard and sound judgment and one that is influenced by compassion or otherwise that could be correct?

**Comments:** This sounds more difficult than it is because it's not a real problem as a rule in medical practice with many old people and with younger ones. It's the relatives who concern for euthanasia it's not the patient. **Maclean's:** Is there a point at which an old person simply gives up?

**Comments:** There is a point at which they give up and in which they very often die expeditiously as a consequence, but it's the doctor's job to assist people to commit suicide. He very rarely does it on his own of doing that. The doctor's job there is to bring in a physician or to do the dying as far as possible and not to do medications treatment to extend the life or to become a burden for the person who lives it. We used to be taught that you shall not make the treatment more generous than the disease, and I think that's what the Pope means when he said that one shouldn't adopt extraordinary measures to keep people alive beyond the quality of the life.

**Maclean's:** I'd like to talk to you about women. Do you think that the women's movement, particularly in its expression in the United States and Canada, has affected and will affect the upcoming generation of people who are becoming old?

**Comments:** I sincerely hope it will and the people it most needs to affect are men, because again have actually had an interest in an even bigger trip than they've had in women, in a way that if you try to do something like that the male, who has got this need to be the dominant sex, the dominant sex of the past is ingrained in him, and now finds he can't deal with a normal woman as it is too threatening. So really men are intervening in persecuting themselves as well as persecuting women.

**Maclean's:** We cannot deal with old women, you say.

**Comments:** A normal woman, I think that's one important thing—that perhaps women's life will lead to people life. And I

in a way still doesn't look like a young woman, and if you're going to try to sell that to you are not going to get anywhere. I think that I didn't seriously consider them entirely. I said that a man and natural use of these to make yourself look your best in addition to yourself therefor set so much as to make you feel good about yourself.

**Maclean's:** How can an old woman contribute to society? Or an old man?

**Comments:** I think it can only happen when men's motivation of women becomes seriously altered. I think instead of I would be very hesitant now to get involved with the 16- or 18-year-old chick of the type one has held up as a sexual ideal because one learns by experience that very often the young girls who project a very powerful sexual image are not actually very sexual people. That is the fault of the advertising and the strip-tease. And there was an old Cukovsky saying that you don't have to look at the manufactory clock when you're building a fire. Personal appetites have been boosted in the great sexual turn-on. We have this terrible advertising type of what makes you beautiful, everything from toothpaste to eyeshadow. It really is a type.

**Maclean's:** How much can the entrepreneur contribute to society in older people who you speak about as fairly as I have done in this interview and places where older people die easily live and look like?

**Comments:** We need to give older people in institutions the same option of sexual behavior that is ordinary adults in society have. Whether they choose to engage in it with other people or not, whether they choose to form sexual connections or not, we all have that option and we are not normally interfered with provided we do it in a reasonably civilized way. But once you get into the country of somebody else and put into an institution, there nearly always is an attempt to stop you from doing anything except sitting around all day and watching television.

**Maclean's:** I want to touch on the question of bereavement. For an elderly person to sustain a death in a nursing facility, a friend of their generation had passed at 70, they may never be or feel alone in their extreme despair. Should people who are medically left alone at an older age reconsider their living arrangements, move to smaller quarters, start planning a new life for themselves? Is that possible?

**Comments:** They must plan a new life and the community and their friends can give them support in no doing. One of the things is, if you are ever bereaved, you find you get suddenly besieged by all your friends who don't know how to talk to you or what to say and they haven't acquired the custom of merely presenting themselves silently and giving their regards and leaving. We have very little time in dealing with the reality of death and that applies equally to professionals.

**Maclean's:** How do you reckon that an old



A lot of young girls project powerful sexual images, but aren't very sexual people

think the old are bound to benefit from this. There's a certain splendor from every movement, for greater recognition of people to people, whether it's civil rights or whether it's any other liberation movement. It's not entirely self-sacrifice. It tends to lead to a more harmonious society and actually the old would benefit greatly from that.

**Maclean's:** You discuss the sex difference with the women as they're aging, like the changes the sex and the crop and what have you. Do you think that the women's movement, particularly in its expression in the United States and Canada, has affected and will affect the upcoming generation of people who are becoming old?

**Comments:** I don't think that wigs are the way to deal with it because an old woman

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person can make an easy adjustment to living older?

**Comfort:** How or even can you make an easy adjustment to losing someone you loved all your life? Nobody can fit in the business of trying to prove one can remove all sorrows from the human equation. Now I think you have to remember that so any age adjustment depends the removal of the nice person for as long as possible. So I think it's even to remember when one of those days you've got to offset the fact that when pension day or old age or a sense there is more expected than a 25-year-old. So for instance did suddenly and left his wife and family alone. So there are checks and balances, the woman who loses her husband at 25 has got more life ahead of her, on the other hand the soles in unexpected bereavement which means less fitting in the order of nature. She has less time to prepare for it.

**MacLean's:** Do you look forward to old age?

**Comfort:** Well to be quite honest, I'm not thinking in terms of looking forward to old age. I'm thinking mostly in terms of getting through the program, and how much more there is to do that I would like to do.

**MacLean's:** But can we write the *Great American Novel* of the great old age or did you write the *Great Novel* before you were 25?

**Comfort:** I think because the atmosphere is worse there and also because having a place to work on the score because of that I realized that I wouldn't be so good doing much for the scientific side until we turned at a higher reward a hole in the pub like at large. I felt they were really to have their stimulus turned around about it. Now it's also true to some extent in England, the old will have problems there but, as I say there are a good many holes up in mechanism that are lacking in the present American scene.

**MacLean's:** Is there any fun in getting older?

**Comfort:** There can be a lack of a lot I don't know if you ever saw a movie about a grandfather photograph who lived in San Francisco and made a fortune. He was 94. He was the most wonderful old guy walking out of happy woods and a newspaper found him going around taking photographs in a supermarket and then ducking down behind the goods so as not to embarrass the people. She was photo graphing. She was still working as a photographer. She was extremely a young woman, and was full of humor and rage and obviously getting a lot of fun out of life.

**MacLean's:** You suggest that older people should choose for their entitlements, that they should be free and inexpensive and fight for their rights.

**Comfort:** And I'm a bloody-minded because they've been generally over-quot.

**MacLean's:** Is the strategy of being bloody minded and obnoxious a really effective

way of changing the relationship between a person perhaps one can depend on such as your doctor or perhaps someone who is helping you in a nursing home?

**Comfort:** Well it's like in a nice voice. We have seen the merit of social training in on their contacts and this is really what we're talking about. To some extent I'm going about being obnoxious but on the other hand there is an element of seriousness in it. There is an instance in *in Praise of the Quaker* who always managed to do what he wanted. That's a good point. I have a friend whose been offence, which we all would do well to emulate. I always remember the man who when the mole started his house appeared at the top of the stairs with

MacLean's: Do you look forward to old age?

**Comfort:** Well, I'm going on like I've no complaints about my age. I'd never get through all the things I used to get through.

**MacLean's:** And do you consider 37 is "young" again?

**Comfort:** Well if I can keep all my faculties you. One isn't of course guaranteed oneself against illness and the liability to illness increases with age, but my father just died at 84 and he had only one month of old age out of the whole of that time. He was reasonably fit even then.

**MacLean's:** At what age does he feel each tooth per month of old age?

**Comfort:** Well for two months he couldn't eat to right tooth and he had to let the tooth remain there, although he could use it with a knife. He could not for ride very well. It was as if he was having a series of impulsive attacks with regard to the middle of the visual field, and he was beginning to feel a little tired. I think that he had died because he had a job and he went up to London to work in a temperature of near 100 degrees with a broken rib and he felt pretty poorly when he got back, and he never really rallied after that. He could still walk around the house saying "Blaaah" at the top of his voice and he still sounded about 30 in the telephone.

**MacLean's:** Is it the suspicion for your mother against aging?

**Comfort:** Not really as because I never really thought of him as an old man in sort of social terms and found him as now 94. It's a completely different situation and I'm not used to geriatrics. During the war I first saw a man about 80 days dying on hospital with arms walking in and out of his nose. That struck me as absolutely disgusting and I also thought that old men ought to be able to die for the old but that I gave a bit of thought to it and I realized the next thing we had to tackle in medicine was the question of diagnostic diseases. I actually got out of clinical practice and devoted my whole last 25 years to research and documentation of the fundamental nature of the underlying aging processes that in the meantime while I was doing that other physicians had been developing geriatrics as a specialty and in a sense now I think that it's unlikely that one would find that sort of neglect of avoid gerontology in a very, very bad institution.

**MacLean's:** Do you always know?

**Comfort:** Oh yes, rather. I'm not the family. The family motto is "Take care or take care."

**MacLean's:** And is it just a fear that there will be an old person to be, and there who aren't? and not only that they might lose their dignity by being old as he?

**Comfort:** Well don't do it if you feel disgruntled about it, but some of them would obviously like to, but again some feel that it's out of character and they need to be given permission just in the same way as with sex of action, some of them would like to do it, but they were a bit scared to do it. I think it's the same thing I think a lot of them both up to then have known you know it's terribly embarrassing to have to be seen tell

MacLean's: Do you feel old yet?

**Comfort:** I'm 37.

**MacLean's:** And do you consider 37 is "young" again?

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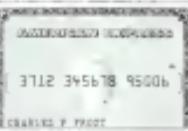
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## One of the best references you can have



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# There is a way to prevent Canada's disintegration. Is there a will?

Column by Walter Gordon



I believe that most English-speaking Canadians understand and sympathize with the concern of Quebecers of all French Canadians, about separating and preserving their language and their culture. English-speaking Canadians feel that the same principles that are held by 250 million English-speaking North Americans. If the situation were reversed, we English-speaking Canadians would feel the same way they do.

Every day we see some measure increase in an oppressive influence that foretells, mostly American corporations have in the Canadian economy and indirectly on Canadian culture and political offices. If it were our language that was threatened, we would be disturbed, indeed.

Some people seem to believe that Canada could survive if Quebec should separate. I am not one of them. If Quebec were to become a separate and independent country, English-speaking Canadians would directly affect two unequal parts, with the Atlantic provinces in one end, Ontario and the Western provinces in the other. These two parts would be separated by a new, longer, and unusually uniformly mountain in between. It is not believe such an arrangement would last indefinitely. More likely some parts of the newly created English-speaking Canada would join the United States or negotiate special exchange rates with that country. It would be the end of Canada as we know it.

Let us hope that will not happen, that some acceptable resolution of the problem will be found. It has been suggested that a referendum on the question of separation be set up to make changes in the Canadian constitution, presumably including changes that would give Quebecers firm assurance about the preservation of their language and culture and a greater degree of control over their own affairs. This committee should hold hearings across Canada.

While I believe that the federal nation states must remain (in the fields of defense, foreign policy, relations with other countries, finance and economic policy, transportation and communications, I can see no reason why Quebec, subject to minority rights and interests, should not have complete control over cultural matters and education, over health and welfare and other social security matters (with the exception of unemployment insurance), and over environmental issues from shore to shore. This may be other fields that should be allocated specifically to Quebec including re-

sponsibility for communications. And if Quebecers would prefer to operate under a presidential rather than a parliamentary form of government within their own province and independently of the federal government, we firmly believe that this should be done openly and with sympathetic consideration.

At the time of the last census on July 1, 1971, only a little more than 20% of the total Canadian population of 23 million was represented by Canadians of French origin in the Province of Quebec. And, of

or except the situation of Quebec or any other province. Therefore they would have no right to negotiate with a Quebec that claimed to have separated from Canada. This being the case, the federal authorities should state unequivocally that they will not play leverage games, that they could not even if they tried.

Despite these warnings, Quebec should decide to separate. Quebecers should not expect English-speaking Canadians to let the federal authorities to turn the tables. Quebecers should know that in those circumstances they would be on their own, there would be no accommodation to make with what remained of Canada.

Having said this, let me stress that the action of English-speaking Canadians more can be accomplished by compromise in a spirit of goodwill than by threats and confrontation. Therefore, I would urge Levesque and his associates not to expect English-speaking Canadians a position which would be unacceptable. In the presentation of options English-speaking Canadians would be more than ready to go along with much of what Quebec is seeking about the dismembering of our country. But the time for a discussion of such matters is before, not after, Quebec holds its referendum.

Prime Minister Trudeau is an articulate, intelligent man who should know Quebec as well or better than anyone else in parliament. However, at this time he gives the impression of preferring confrontation to compromise and, sometimes, of preferring the process of dismemberment (the university seminar approach) to decisive action. The present approach is not only costly for the present, it is also not the best for the future. It is not compatible with some positive decisions. With that in mind, I believe it would be helpful if Trudeau were to strengthen his government by inviting four or five specially selected to join him in the task of holding our country together. If he were to do this right, high enough, Prime Trudeau would be able to put together one of the strongest governments in Canadian history to deal with our country's greatest crisis. That in itself should be half the battle.

Present feelings of despair and anger only may be expected to continue until the Quebec crisis is resolved. With this in mind, I would urge the federal authorities to recover the initiative in this matter and do so quickly.

*Former Justice Minister Justice Walter Gordon is a senior executive of Canadian Corporate Management Inc.*

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Good news is up news

I read with pleasure *Max Sawatzky's* column, *The Skyling of Power*, (April 13) with just one small point of disagreement. In his column, Mr. Sawatzky quotes me as saying a nation of well-off "billionaires." I feel that we have already reached that point and that the media continue to much of the responsibility. Mr. Sawatzky quotes a report from the C.D. Howe Research Institute that "from 1969 to 1975, real after-tax income grew significantly faster than in any other decade in the last 100 years." I would be pleased to point out that this fact but I have failed to see or hear that mentioned either from the other hand or in Sawatzky's column. On the other hand we have been faced with articles, reports and commentaries on our oils such as open pit mining and inflation.

1990-1991, 1991-1992

Basically Mr. Schellenbach's film is critical—the establishment is evil—"evil" at least, in our parkaungs and media have become the frenemy of congealing orient groups at the expense of Canadian unity. But his thesis is wrong: any of several groups of (including non-national) corporations ("with as little to kick and as little to claim") may at any stronger moment swallow more power than any combination of farmers, workers or tribal leaders. The only real organization capable of the task is the ranks of the people. "Divide and Rule" and these planned to shift the status quo have been played on the script and done direct on production.

**Where are the risks—only the risk**  
Having just read *Context* (Vol. April 1911) I can only reiterate that Swaziland does not live in Africa. We moved here six months ago because my husband was transferred. We expect to stay here for a long time. Land is very bad but all forms of outward infestation such as Swazi cattle, Drosophilas, etc.—whilst some can afford to squander their money in 30,000 rulands (R1000) there are many more who cannot afford a subsidy for any land. Consider the small farmers who have flocks like or more of the weak Swazi cattle reported to be in the country. What's more, there seems to be a progression, whilst we have had a carriage at Durban Colombo, we now find that we must sail over the ocean the shortest by the same plane for land.

While good old *hi* doesn't have as wide a variety of jobs to offer, we can easily say that our standard of living was higher consistent with our democratic heritage and a small step in the direction of genuine federalism.

there. My husband comes more here, but we don't have money to spare as we did in the 80s. Don't get me wrong, I love Alberta (what I've experienced so far) for its scenery, youngness, and wide open spaces. But it isn't all gold ferns and T-bars.

JUDY BARTON LEECH, ALTR.

More power in Peterborough and to Algonquinland glad them in a long-term plan of Canada where the grass is greener. The idea is ripe for a more equitable distribution of power in this country. Besides, it is wise to see someone have the power of Toronto for a change, westerners are not the only Canadians to harbor real and imagined grievances against that city. Toronto has money and attention lavished upon it by big business, the federal government and the Ontario government, leaving the rest of us to scrounge for the crumbs. So I, for one do not begrudge Alberta getting a good solid chunk of cake.

The logo for Brack's Electronics, featuring the word "BRACK'S" in a bold, sans-serif font inside a semi-circular arch. Below "BRACK'S" is the word "LTD." in a smaller font, and at the bottom is the word "ELECTRONICS" in a bold, sans-serif font.

The receiver  
that matches the  
square waves of the  
finest amplifiers.

It is important to emphasize the importance of **knowing** what models are available and understanding the strengths and weaknesses of each model. This will help you to select the most appropriate model for your specific needs.

• 4 •

1980-1981-1982-1983

# Preview

After 40 years of trying, will Lois Lane finally get her man?

"I've got less than a minute to spend with passengers, but it's all I need."

*Tom Charles,  
Passenger Agent, Toronto.*

"I meet five to six hundred people a day. And because I have less than a minute to spend with each customer, speed, efficiency and courtesy are important. Yet, as little time as it is, I still meet them all face to face. I don't think there's any other way to help people. When a customer talks to me, they're really talking to all of us at American Airlines. You get a good feeling knowing you're helping people. And it's one of the things I do best."

*We're American Airlines.  
Doing what we do best.*

# I AM AMERICAN AIRLINES

Until we hit puberty, the question never occurred to us, but then we began to wonder: "Do Superman and Lois Lane...uh...feel around?" It was, of course, never answered. But maybe, just maybe, we're about to find out. Margot Kidder,

ganneted crime in Canada. An *Maclean's* went to press *Commission* was still being "lawyered" (as they say in the trade) but Peter Hennodoff, the network's new corporate vice-president of planning (head of current affairs when the documentary was made), was confident it would run pretty much intact. *Whack* includes interviews with ministers (some identified, others not), the naming of names, and hidden camera/microphone techniques that pick up actual conversations among criminals. While the *Mob* is set too happy about it all, Hennodoff says, there have been no threats of violence. However, he expects the usual number of lawsuits that follow such a show.

### Every inch a sailor—again

If it was good enough for Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly in *Archies Awieg*, and for Jack Nicklaus and Gia Young in *The Love Boat*, it's still good enough for today's navy. These years ago those "babes at the Pentagon decorated American sailors shouldn't only have been those bell-bottoms and jumpers and little white bats, they had them replaced with double-breasted jackets (double-breasted jackets), white shirts and ties. Naturally they never asked the sailors how they felt about it. When they did, recently, they discovered that 87% of them had the new uniform and wanted the old one back. And, oddly enough, they're going to get it—within the next few months. "I suppose," a Pentagon spokesman said merrily, "you could say we've just had a very expensive brush with fashion."



*Sinatra and Kelly: the old ways are some times the best.*

### The Mob and all its works

A Detroit television columnist, geographically well situated to make such comparisons, insists that Canadian news and public affairs programs—especially those of the much maligned CBC—are consistently and vastly superior to those done in the United States. On June 13 and 14 Canadian will get yet another chance to see what he's talking about as the CBC presents three hours (two 90-minute segments) on cr-



*Lois (left, 1940) and Clark (right) — here now, Clark Kent*

the hypersexual Canadian screen, has joined the cast (Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Valerie Perrine, Terence Stamp et al.) of the multimillion-dollar *Superman*, currently in production in London. If ber Lois Lane can't get the Man of Steel (Christopher Reeve) into a compromising position, then the metal of the man may never be tested.

### The civil disservice

—Why does a bureaucrat only blink one eye in the morning? Please. "To leave himself something to do in the afternoon." Bureaucrat, please—ever take note. This fall a book called *Cover Your Ass Or, How To Survive In A Government Bureaucracy* will be on the streets, courtesy of the well-known only-blink-one-eye bureaucrat X. And when a Government X who wants to protect his true identity—he is a highly placed civil servant in Ottawa—will do a promotion

over X needs 25 years of People In High Places with such anecdotes as the one about the senior bureaucrat who, at a cocktail party, was chatting to another bureaucrat. He casually asked her classification: got it, and then proceeded to tell him through a set of cards he had in his pocket. "Downgrading," the bureaucrat, "is important enough to tell so, no, took he leave searching out sources more prestigious to pass the time with."



# Canada

## Let no man write Dave Barrett's epitaph

By all the classic political scripts he was finished. Sonderby's here. An emerging, floridly ornate who captured national attention and acclaim as British Columbia's first socialist premier but who then, in the words of a tall, bald member of the New Democratic Party, "went on to blow two governments of socialist work in that province" December 31, 1975, could well have been the death of his political spirits, the day Dave Barnet's once-state-of-the-art government went down to defeat while he was cloistered in his care home.

So why, nearly a year and a half later, is Dave Barrett smiling this coolly, his face unsoaked by any great sweat? The man who was once the nationally acknowledged (not to say the most) of Dave Barnet as there used to be, is here, in fact, lost 25 pounds, hopes to lose 10 more, and walk at the end of all the "in the best shape I've been in for 10 to 15 years." (He largely keeps actual weight a secret, but during his term in office there were indications he had passed the 200-pound mark.) Naturally, he can bat easily in half, a regimen that leaves him healthy all the time but also gives up drinking beer. "And that killed me." Now, here he is vivacious and compact, no longer "tired for Dave," the heart of his own jokes. The supply edges have disappeared, leaving a dinner companion in that place of the off-camera that drew sold-out audiences from a party no politician could have imagined in Dawson Creek recently when Dave Barrett sold them: "You never feel so right about saying to right."

His cocky smile, his newfound buoyancy after a larklike, dappled ventury into the Legislature a year ago following a by-election are the result of a growing feeling held by Barrett and his caucus that Premier Bill Bennett and his Social Credit government are digging their own political graves.

Average unemployment is at 9.5%, with a much higher rate in the hinterlands and no relief in sight. Since December, the public has been treated to a series of major political scandals, with the government heavily implicated in a massive kickback from a notorious kick vendor to the British Columbia Railways. In addition, there have been appalling displays of insensitivity by the current government, one of which—the withholding of a recently endorsed \$32.50 increase to sick pay of eight millionaires, is a government, says Barrett, "with no heart, no guts, no brains and no idea of what's it's all about—caught in the Dallas, Texas, no-memo radio plastic-wire syndrome."

All of which does not necessarily signify



**Barrett:** the 1977 model leaderless who has been a sophisticated touch, and a much-improved choice in the Big House

politics a long time," says Barrett, "but what I saw and what really checked me up." Barrett's cabinet, boasting no fewer than eight millionaires, is a government, says Barrett, "with no heart, no guts, no brains and no idea of what's it's all about—caught in the Dallas, Texas, no-memo radio plastic-wire syndrome."

All of which does not necessarily signify

baron as the party held its annual convention last in May, with its membership doubled since its deficit in 1975, from 15,000 to 30,000.

During that same period, in spite of a consistently low profile in the Vancouver area, the party has won a number of local elections, of its members' dues and better feelings that both The Vancouver Sun and The Province have a honour—Barrett has worked hard, harder than I ever worked before." And there was still much to do. Barrett is still focused, harassed and determined toward Barrett in the party. One fellow New Democrat, heading west for the convention, wryly remarked that he had been assured there would be peace in the family, "but of course what they call peace in the family we think of as blood in the water." Even that remark, which might have sounded a mere defiance, Barrett simply brought a double laugh from his current sanguine self.

In his usual office, now part of compensation to the utility-stripped power of the old left as a prime minister found that British Columbia's home undergoes a mood change. The electricity generated during his term in office is gone. But then you wouldn't walk into a bar or get into a cafe without hearing a passionate denunciation or defense of his government. Now, drawing on his social worker's background, he says, "From a psychological point of view, people are interlocking. There is an axis of uncertainty and, frankly, of fear." For the sake of his ego and perhaps his destined, Barrett sees his standing deficit not as a reputation of socialism but as a gesture of uncertainty from a shrinking still in the adolescent stage. They still have, he thinks, "a growing, yearning desire to see something new and galvanize greater leadership."

He also seems convinced that his own popularity is now enormous. Barrett, 46, says he finds it "impossible to separate the kind of idealism and enthusiasm and desire I had about doing [political] things from my day-to-day life." He admits that there's little cynicism in his outlook, but he does admit to some reservations of having remained political life last year when there was an opportunity for him to make his exit, after being offered a \$100,000-a-year radio talk show job. "This is a little bit of personal selfishness, but I really did like talking." In answer to those old party stalwarts, who baulked at the consciousness of a former New premier taking to the airwaves, Barrett laughs. "Well, worse of than thought I had no dignity as premier either."

He has no place is still there, the off-the-cuff remarks, the salty language, all the hallmarks of a "free man's nightmare," chuckles Barrett. But if the old stalwart persists in not normalizing his style, he is greatly annoyed that, politically everything has changed. "All the old ideals are gone. The rules have all changed. When we were elected, people were just up by the last eight years of Wacky Bennett [W]

A. C. Bennett, father of the present premier, died his name old Wacky of Vancouver, with the usual pratings at the close. We were young, aggressive, excited. Now it's a whole new political ball game. And in the next election we'll choose off-Hero I think, and that's the history of British Columbia."

Inside his own party, there are few who would put money on a Barrett comeback. According to its liberal leader Gordon Gibson, Barrett is called A in the family file of cases, which the Scrouts spent their first year mailing to the public, about the fiscal and fiscal robes of the year. "It's that people like Barrett, but they don't trust him in his native state. They don't know if they can afford him." Still, no one can quite dismiss the possibility. "What I really want to say," says Gibson, "is whether, in the middle of the night, Barrett really thinks he's gonna be poster again."

### THE PRAIRIES

#### Retraining program

It was almost two years ago that a commission headed by a retired Supreme Court judge, Ernest Hall, set out to sort the small grain-producing communities of the Canadian Prairies. It was charged with analyzing the system that was far decades at the very heart of Prairie development—the ultimate and decentralized network of mills, elevators and the aging grain-handling facilities throughout the three provinces. Hall's report, released in September earlier this month, reaches deep into the traditional social fabric of the rural West and

**Hall rejects** grain elevators against the horizon at Estevan, Saskatchewan: "all programs isn't that... all old ideas good



bring the flocks of the 1870s, settlers bold and far-reaching suggestions that will affect small-town life across the Prairies. Specifically, Hall recommended that the last, smaller pack facilities be about 6,000 bushels of wheat, out of 10,000 bushels in the 1970s, limit to have embargo days and draw a blueprint stretching 215 miles by 1991. But the commissioners also decided that 1,813 miles of old pack should be preserved, to be added to a basic network of 32,400 acres protected by the federal government from abandonment before the year 2000.

It is in a bind already that the Hall report could surpass the most violent and controversy. Deciding it may be too soon to spell out the fate of the remaining 2,346 miles of old pack, it recommends that that decision be placed in the hands of a new



## They may not know art in Calgary, but they know what they like

Local film critic Louise Bresky speculates that *Calgary* is, as the East has long suspected, a city of adolescent male chauvinists. Otherwise, she says, Calgary teenagers are simply in revolt against Alberta's "soft, genteel" culture. And then Bresky throws up her hands in despair: "Psychological deep think: what about The Pom Pom Girls could drive you crazy," she concludes.

For the benefit of the rest of the world where the movie sank without a trace months ago, *The Pom Pom Girls* is Calgary's biggest movie hit since *The Sound Of Music* more than a decade ago. It didn't quite rudge *The Sound Of Music* out as Calgary's longest running movie (72 weeks), but when it closed this month in its 45th week it had played Calgary months longer than anywhere else in the world.

Calgary is a funny little city, says Bresky, about as far as a western Canadian prairie town from any major city, even those very far along the coast. It's a place that needs "big-brotherism." Men such as Walling Taff have enjoyed phenomenal success in Calgary but *The Pom Pom Girls* doesn't even fit in that category. It's a softie, adolescent-teens' flick, revolving around the foolish rivalry between two California high schools and the battle between two teen girls for the favors of a blind cheerleader. A cast of unattractive unknowns, unclassical Canadian boys and girls had to, unlike out a school window, smoke joints in the toilet cubicles, eat a Weezer drive motorcycle, no hands make out on the bus and wind up with a good old fashioned game of chicken. Calgary critics had to guess the movie hoping it would go away. But they



The 'Gals' in play: the people's choice

all dutifully caught up with it, as it made its way through five different theaters, and they all agreed it was total male-chauvinist bullshit.

They had more difficulty figuring out success. It was obviously targeted at the pop culture of *The Pom Pom Girls* and the announcement it gives Canadians who see Alberta as vulgar, unsophisticated roughness untouched by couch or culture. But the Canadian Theatre Group, at least, is no estate. Manager Ron Thom holds out the hope that the Pipe-Panists could return to his movie houses on strength alone. If not, *Calgary's* fresh young ladies aren't. *The Pom Pom Girls* seemed in dire straits to open out in time for the back-to-school trade-off.

SHARON SPARROW

longed it again. By the time same-sex issues were dropped to the very smarmy restricted rating, a whole new generation of eager teenagers was lining up to get in.

Carries of a more intellectual persuasion are pleased at the popularity of *The Pom Pom Girls* and the announcement it gives Canadians who see Alberta as vulgar, unsophisticated roughness untouched by couch or culture. But the Canadian Theatre Group, at least, is no estate. Manager Ron Thom holds out the hope that the Pipe-Panists could return to his movie houses on strength alone. If not, *Calgary's* fresh young ladies aren't. *The Pom Pom Girls* seemed in dire straits to open out in time for the back-to-school trade-off.

SHARON SPARROW

western culture, a Prairie oil authority to be appeared as a Federal Crown corporation no later than the roll of this year. It would have 12 years to decide the fate of that authority.

The first-mans commission visited the hills and badlands of more than 90 communities in hearings attended by more than 15,000 farmers. Over and over, the local people pleaded with the prairie-grounded Hall to spare the line through their town. At the same hearings, railway company officials flagged Hall's choice in the opposite direction, attempting to persuade the commission that it no longer made sense to maintain a system of transportation and grain handling that had become obsolete.

Since the report's release, there have

been some feeble signs of protest from some of the 113 communities along the line picked for abandonment, but hardly a fifth of those communities have populations of more than 100 and have hardly stayed by signs of death, such as boarded-up windows, vacant houses and closed elevators. In the tiny community of Kildare, in southern Saskatchewan, local people such as Joyce Kastner, a farmer's wife, are the village elevator in the one-storey building the town's residents call Bert Kildare's truck in aid of abandonment and Kastner feels that once that's gone the people will go too. It also will mean a closure of farmers' produce bins since grain-handling facilities there since grain-handling facilities will be extended by more than 20 miles, and as the Berger report (see page 16) and in Orl-

and 1956 farm tracks that were good enough for local grain handling will no longer do.

But Hall suggests in his report that Prairie grain elevators and local elevators "will appear there may be a tendency to equate the significance of the railway 10 to 30 percent [before the agricultural trucks, good roads and pipelines] with its significance today," he says. "It is the people and the spirit of the people which gives the community viability, not the railways nor the elevators."

The importance of the report was underlined by Premier Peter Lougheed who is marked that it has "implications that are much more significant for Alberta than the Berger report" (see page 16) and in Orl-

and 1956, Transport Minister Otto Lang joined the commissioners' "very walkable mob" and promised quick action on the abandonment recommendation. But that, and the proposed creation of a new oil authority, raise the prospect of state hearings, which will take a year or more of the next one. And from the oil-rich regions accompanying the Hall commission has emerged that the age-old debate over the Prairie oil system is still far from over.

YVONNE ZACHARIAH

## QUEBEC

### Out, damned stink!

Réal Légaré has been angry about what he calls the old slab-fund tradition of financing Quebec political parties for even longer than he's been angry about Coalition. He has been fighting the system for years and when he talks about the rotteness of the old funding he has the power in his voice to make powerful things he has discussed in other ways. Then, it comes as no surprise to those who know him that one of the very first pieces of legal business he did for the Parti Québécois government was a proposal for what may be the world's toughest law governing political party finances. *See below*.

But despite the fact that it may well implement the status of politics in Quebec and the province's status history of slummy fund-raising, surprisingly little attention has been paid to the bill. And criticism of the PQ now says that its strategic provisions are mangled which may be used as a precedent by the government when it establishes the rules governing fund-raising during the forthcoming referendum debate.

So tough is the bill's retortiveness that only voters—not corporations or armchair activists—will be able to contribute to political parties, and every donor giving more than \$250 will be identified. The proposed law would reward political donations all the

way up to \$10,000, but it would not reward a political party, you have no basis for opposing the government," says Patterson in quick to add. "Story just hasn't been sleepy enough." Slappy or not, it has done little to avert the misuse of loopholes in Quebec.

GRAHAM FRASER

## THE MARITIMES

### Parity begins at home

Harvey Webber had a plan, a deceptively simple one, to end the last vestiges of the same sort of discrimination of the Maritime provinces. "We are all talk here," he said, "but the last word is still in the air." says Webber, a 51-year-old woman's wear retailer in Sydney, Nova Scotia, and a vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. His proposal: A big promotional campaign aimed at convincing every family in the Atlantic region to spend just \$150 more a year on locally made products. "But according to Webber's analysis, who means \$900-\$150 million in the area to stabilize the economy, money that could make the difference between economic uncertainty and economic stability."

Webber's arithmetic makes sense to the drivers of the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce (APCC). Chamber president Graham Meier of St. John's, Newfoundland, thinks the plan is "absolutely excellent and so simple it's a wonder no



Webber: planning loony and hardboiled

one thought of a 'bitter'." It will be presented to influential businessmen throughout the Maritime in going down the APCC's list of contacts. Chamber members will support, and the board is certain it will be kept in line by government officials.

Meanwhile, critics of the bill are drumming up the notion that any money paid to programs to oppose the programs as policies of a political party will be considered a contribution. This has been tested in court that a certain group's proposed construction of a new highway in May would go into severe difficulties when it tried to raise money. Liberal MP Jim Noel Légaré argues that under the terms of the bill even well-intended critics of any law could easily publish their views if they were members of a political party. Alex Patterson, a Montréal lawyer who is chairman of the Positive Action Committee, a group fighting the PQ's language legislation, is also concerned. "It almost says that unless you're a political party, you have no basis for opposing the government," says Patterson in quick to add. "Story just hasn't been sleepy enough." Slappy or not, it has done little to avert the misuse of loopholes in Quebec.

TRANSPORTATION AUTHORITY CANADA

Plus, Webber's project has two parts. First, it would persuade all retailers and wholesalers in the Maritime provinces to carry locally made products at at least 15% of their whole stock and display these products prominently. Second, through an innovative promotional campaign, it would heighten consumer awareness of local products so that shoppers reach for them instead of better-known imported items. There is no shortage of local products. According to the latest figures, Atlantic Canada spending \$3.7 billion a year, says Webber. "The things we buy come mainly from Ontario and Quebec, and if they don't come from there they come from foreign countries. So in as much as stimulating a sell-off in Atlantic provinces, the marketplace is sending out a message that has been sent by the Department of Regional Economic Expansion."

Ironically, when the Parti Québécois government last month talked recently about encouraging Quebecers to buy more of their own province's products, that was widely seen outside Quebec as an anti-Canadian strike. But now the business community of the entire Atlantic region is on the way of adopting Webber's big-local-first program—and the reason from the rest of Canada has been a deafening silence.

SEAN SOLLOUP



Leesage: let's gather and corrupt her

# Now the scheming starts

Mr. Berger's report has been duly noted

By Ian Urquhart

Outside a conference room in Ottawa's stylish Post Session Hotel, powdered executives from Canada's Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd. (CAGL) are deep in conversation. Their faces are pale, reflecting sheer concern that a decision on the fate of their Mackenzie Valley gas pipeline proposal is a report released earlier in the day by Mr. Justice Thomas Berger. But their mood is distinctly divided. One member of the group, seeing a copy of the report, dismisses Berger as a man who had the most inside information for his Mackenzie Valley pipeline report. "It's an unbalanced report," declares one of the CAGL men, who claims he serves the battle in every way. "Now we have to get to the four senior ministers in cabinet," he says, without naming his targets.

Indeed, the Berger report is not the end but the beginning of a furious struggle that will take place in Canada over the next three months as the country's various oil and gas interests maneuver for the fate of the pipeline. The decision by the Canadian government will in a fundamental way shape not only Canada's energy policy but also its economic direction over the next decade.

It is not just a fight over the survival of the corridor in the northern Yukon against the conflict of the 2.3 million Canadian homes heated by natural gas, as well as a clash between the consumer, industrial society and the growth-concentrated movement. For the northern states, the debate and the Berger report are watershed in their battle to preserve something of what they used to be before the Whitehorse Dam was built.

Who, then, does not have the best word he has helped shape the focus of the debate with his blunder-bolt attack on CAGL, the conversion of 16 Canadian and foreign energy companies proposing to build a \$30-billion, 2,625-mile pipeline from Prudhoe Bay and the Mackenzie Delta, down the Mackenzie Valley to the United States and southern Canada? In his 210-page report, written in the first person, Berger is a Farley Mowat-like placard



Berger and a map showing proposed pipeline routes: In the hands of the gods

understanding of the northern savages and recommends a 10-year moratorium of any pipeline construction in the Mackenzie Valley. He also rules out the CAGL project, while upholding the right to even further delay a positive approval of the Arctic Pipeline Project (APP).

It was a startling setback for CAGL, unanticipated and unheralded. As recently as 1979, Jean Chretien, then Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, stated: "This government, after weighing all the factors involved very carefully, has come to the conclusion that a gas pipeline down the Mackenzie River is in the national interest." Now, after Berger, it may never happen.

No one should have been surprised by Berger's report. Born in Vienna during the Great Depression, son of an RCMP sergeant, 44-year-old Berger is a native bureaucrat and socialist who has always acted with a sense of mission. He has regularly fought for establishment of the basic rights of native peoples, polluted rivers, and the Indians in BC. He became a New Democrat and was briefly an MP before being defeated by Ross狄aldon, now federal justice minister, in 1983. For an even longer time, in 1969, he was leader of the New Democrats. But he was displaced by W. A. C. Bennett's Social Credit Party later that year. Then, in 1971, he accepted an appointment by former prime minister John Turner to the six Supreme Court. There he sat in relative obscurity until 1976 when the federal government, in a minority position and with the vote holding the balance of power, appointed him to head the commission of inquiry into land claims in the northern Mackenzie Valley pipeline. He solved the problem of the greatest challenge in his job and he responded to it with a fervor that lifted him to the status of the new folk hero of the country's left.

Berger rejects the idea that he was North with preconceptions, but there is no doubt his sympathies were with the northern and with northern peoples. His report accepts at face value most of the "native" arguments about the social and environmental costs from a pipeline he would bring, but questions seriously only considerations by the companies. In the process, he alienated the rest of the North from that of a frontier to be exploited to that of a native homelands and a frontier.

Not surprisingly, the native leaders cheered the report. "It's a real victory for the First Nations people," George Huntress, president of the Inuit Brotherhood of the Northwest Territories. The size and environmentalism printed in the deliberations. Equally jubilant was Foothills Pipe Lines Ltd., the company proposing the rival Alcan (Alaska-Canada) route around the Mackenzie Valley.

The report also earned some second thoughts among CAGL's supporters. The Ontario government, an early backer, jumped off the bandwagon. In

## The Land: is this the end of first-come, last-served?

Sam Reddi, a blind interpreter and president of the Yukon-based Committee for Original People's Entitlement (COPE), had



Reddi: a native leader at a rally

traversed thousands of miles to the even surroundings of Ottawa to argue for his people's land claims in the Western Arctic. In a strange room in a foreign city, he presented his case with simple eloquence. "It has always been our land," they started calling it. "Grown land, as though it wasn't ours. Now they are selling it and giving permits for oil and gas. But we are living on this land and we have to keep it and hunt and fish. It's our culture. It's our whole way of life."

The Berger report had been out for a week, and Reddi and other native leaders over the land of the Far North and beyond have hope to Reddi and other native leaders who are demanding tight control over the incursions of an energy-hungry, industrial society, come speaking on behalf of the 2,000 Inuit (Eskimos of the western Arctic) and an organization representing the Indians of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon. They want pipeline construction of a gas pipeline. What Reddi was bargaining for in Ottawa—and what Berger recommended—was a settlement of land claims before any pipeline is started, with the native people exercising control over exploration and development within their designated territories.

The Inuit started seeking a settlement in 1970 when the Yukon Oil Company, a consortium of American oilmen in the Mackenzie Delta, were trying to negotiate arrangements in the Northwest Territories that they believed were the first to be issued, originally encompassing Minto Dene (Inuvialuit) and some sympathetic whites, as well as the Inuit. Now there are separate organizations agreeing separate land claims. The Inuit, Dene and Métis have learned from the infamous treaties, drawn up during the gold rush and oil boom. They won't settle for a simple exchange of land for cash. They are the main demands.

COPE has presented the most specific proposal to date, envisaging a 360,000-square-mile tract of territory in the western Arctic. It wants a 25% royalty on gas and oil discoveries (for a native development

area). Ontario energy minister James Taylor, caught on election night in the province, sold a press conference that the provincial government had never built CAGL, although it clearly did before Berger. Similarly in Ottawa, Conservative leader Joe Clark, who had been conservative at least sympathetic to CAGL, seemed to endorse Berger as a press conference on the day the report was released.

But later in the week, he performed an about-face and voted with the Liberals against an oil-field bill, hailing Berger's report as an "equalizing example." Some members of Clark's caucus, it seems, are still pro-CAGL.

Although government spokesmen passed the report in public through gritted teeth as an eloquent warning, Energy Minister Alvin Gilmore called it, "a

private they were highly critical. They and Berger had been friends—he was supposed only to represent them and needed no further explanation. And, as to damage, had minimized the government's opinion. One senior energy department official called the report "scientific" and said Berger should be impeached. In the North, feelings were even stronger among the whites and aboriginals who favor a pipeline. They felt they had been ignored by Berger and complained loudly. David Stastna, a prominent Yellowknife lawyer and Speaker of the Council of the Northwest Territories, called Berger "a fucking freak" and said his report was the result of "a scientific conspiracy." The owned consultation, holding a plebiscite in the Mackenzie Valley districts to prove that a majority of aboriginals, whites and natives, were in favor.

But the Mackenzie Valley pipeline is to be favored. The initiative will come to court in four cases; the provincial commissioners has put more than five years and \$140 million into planning the project. Its key officers, men like William Wilder, the president Bay Stater; Bannister and executive chairman, will be lobbying cabinet ministers and other political leaders in the coming months. These men also will be advertising campaigns aimed at convincing the Canadian public that cases in their behalf. Imperial Oil, a leading member of the consortium, placed ads attacking Berger in Maclean's, Saturday Night and Time in May and might repeat them.

The other side will be active, too. Footballs plan to talk to every single MP with its leader, president, Bill Blair, leading the way. The native groups will be pushing for a massive three-year campaign aimed at won Berger himself might just attacking him and the credibility of his report. But that is highly unlikely and his present plan is to speed the summer hearings in June in Vancouver before returning to the bench in the fall. He need not a press conference that would not receive until age 15 and added: "I have 31 years to serve on the bench. I expect to put them in." Of his report, he said: "It may be that the government of Canada will decide that, in the national interest, the Arctic Gas (AG) pipeline should be built. That's just part of my job as a judge and government's perspective. I'm going to be as open as possible to that decision. But I want to understand the price they'll pay."

The decision will be made by a newly formed cabinet committee, chaired by government House Leader Allan McMillan. It includes O'Connor, Macdonald, Chabot, Adair, Environment Minister Rondeau-Libman, Economic Affairs Minister Don Jamieson, and Jack Hansen, minister without portfolio. In the final days of its deliberations, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau himself may take the chair.

Reporting to the cabinet committee is



Berger visiting with residents of a camp on the Mackenzie: "Iniquity or partisans?"

another committee made up of civil servants and chaired by Basil Miron. Former deputy minister of natural affairs and now commentator of northern pipelines like him includes the deputy minister of finance, energy, environment, and Indian affairs. Chabot and Hansen are both considered pro-cases. (Hansen has already publicly declared that he is "not in any way in agreement with Berger.") But Adair and LeBlanc are expected to come down against the Mackenzie Valley project. The keys could be Gillette and Macdonald. Both were once considered pro-cases, but are now leaning their support to the native side. The native side is also in a minority, however.

Why the rush? Tradeaux promised U.S. President Jimmy Carter a decision by September 1 during his February visit to Washington because, unlike Canada, the United States needs the gas now, and Carter must make his selection of a route this year. In the midwestern United States last winter, forests and schools had to be shut down because of a gas shortage. Reminded Berger: "The risk is in Canada, the security is in the United States." But Tradeaux doesn't think he has given up to 8 percent of producing a quick decision. He notes that, while the United States would prefer a pipeline to Alaska, Canada would be better. "It's a perfect place to build a pipeline across Alaska and then hopefully get gas shipped by barge if it is built," said Tradeaux. "How does it make up our made, the Americans will go ahead and we will not have a pipeline. We should let oil and gas make decisions for us and that's why I am putting in very strict provisions to reach a decision." Indeed, there is a well-established belief in official Washington that Trudeau and Carter have already agreed on a Canadian route.

So, it appears Canada is going to get a pipeline. The question is: which one? The being now in Alaska

been dead. I will his ardent teachers to the government, particularly in the energy department, and it is focusing on two user reports due this summer, to overshadow Berger. One is the report of the National Energy Board, which is charged with determining whether a pipeline is in the public interest. Its staff is thought to be pro-cases, and its report, expected July 1, could either win. The other is the report of an inquiry into the Alcan pipeline, set up in April. A man Berger inquiry under the guidance of Ken Lyle, dean of law at the University of British Columbia, and a former adviser to native groups, the Alcan probe could be put in mind of the possible problems Berger has with cases. But, unless Berger had the means to undermine the inquiry, it would not be until three months, his deadline in August.

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## Pipeline Yes: today's delay only means tomorrow's crisis

Column by Donald Mackay

The dilemma posed by the Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline is similar to that faced by the motorists almost out of gas on a lonely road. He has to get to his destination but he estimates he has gasoline for only 50 miles. The next gas station is about 60 miles ahead, but he has passed one 40 miles back which probably (but not definitely) still has gas.

the options in the face of uncertainty. Ultimately, the judgement is subjective: enlightened, it is to be hoped, by the available facts and probabilities.

The most recent 1976 Federal report, *An Energy Strategy For Canada*, states that by 1985 Canada's domestic demand for energy will exceed domestic supply by 37 percent. The shortfall will be supplied by imported oil and natural gas, with imports for closing the gap in coal and foreign oil-fired gas. Coal supplies seem unlikely to increase dramatically, and oil imports have been disappointing. There is also a strong case for increasing gas supply. Gas supply from existing producing areas will fulfill below domestic demand in eight to 11 years, depending on the forecaster's optimism. The inevitable result is that Canadian consumers will then need gas from foreign areas. Gas cannot be shipped to the public. As no substitute can be found, there will be no demand, rapidly declining oil, the shriveling of the coal market, and imports will be fuel for unemployment, inflation, and/or environmental damage.

There is a compelling argument that exploitation of Mackenzie Delta gas deposits is inevitable. The issue is not "if," but "when" the pipeline will be built. To the west, most gas has been obtained from the western provinces, but production sites there will soon start failing. Geological specialists suggest that the most promising unexploited sedimentary basins are in the Mackenzie-Beaufort-Banks area, the Arctic Islands and off the East Coast.

It seems logical to exploit these bases in sequence with the order determined by proximity, technical and economic feasibility and present reserves. Exploration results suggest that the East Coast is the least favourable of the three. The Arctic Islands show considerable promise, but the carbon in the Polar Gas pipeline could be exploited in order to late 1988. The most favourable is clearly the Mackenzie Delta, which has the immense advantage of being on the north side of the proven reserves at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, to the south. United States A. Mackenzie pipeline transporting this U.S. gas provides an ideal link to the Canadian market.

“piggyback” on the U.S. gas. It is this geographical accident that explains why the Arctic National Conservation Refuge wants to construct a pipeline across its area. Although the proved reserves of gas in the Mackenzie Delta are still relatively small and represent only a few years’ domestic consumption, they are larger than any other new energy source imaginable in the near future.

The government has several options. It could accept the Arctic Gas proposal now. It could wait and hope for more gas finds and approve a Canadian-only pipeline. It could delay the decision indefinitely. Delay probably implies U.S. acceptance of the El Paso route across Alaska, or the ocean route along the Alaska Highway. Delay may imply waiting for gas from the Arctic Islands, or even the East Coast.

There is rightly concern about the environmental impacts of the pipeline. In response to this concern, Arctic Gas has taken unprecedented measures to evaluate and minimize environmental impacts. There is little doubt that technological expertise exists to construct the pipeline in an environmentally acceptable manner. The problem is not "can the deal" but "will it be done?"

A pipeline would bring employment and new economic and social opportunities, especially to a rapidly growing, youthful labor force in the north. The challenge is to ensure that the native peoples can choose between the traditional life in the land and the comfort of wage-earning employment. For many, the customary usage of the land is a strong constraint on the land claimants. There is a growing consensus that this issue must be settled in pipeline approval and construction. To allow pipeline construction in emergence, the symbolic act of actually handover of the land claim would be dispensable.

Shipping gas exports immediately as a means of avoiding the need for a pipeline seems attractive at first sight, especially in enormous, long-distance hauls. But any decision to break export contracts could cause considerable disruption in the United States, would cause economic hardships to Canadian gas producers, depress Canada's associated royalties and wrench the balance of payments position, discourage exploration in the North and yet only marginally delay

The prospect of rupturing the Arctic Gas pipeline only to find later that no all-Canadian pipeline is not feasible because of capital cost or pipeline reserve capacities would be tragic.

Although the Arctic Gas pipeline has disadvantages, it's the best option available. To make it happen can be approved, without offering an alternative solution to the energy problem, is at the best and at the worst approachable.

should develop a concrete picture of the future for Europe and develop and propose a chemical engineering strategy for Europe.

## Pipeline No: better we make the best of what we've got

Column by Ian McDougall

The Mackenzie Valley pipeline is Canada's major long distance pipeline of this generation, of course. Never has a more costly or controversial project been advanced, never can possibly be the consequence in terms of this willfulness of the asymmetrical federal-provincial relations, the delicate northern ecology, and our national sovereignty. Yet available information about this project is sketchy, fragmentary and often extremely inaccurate.

Formerly Canadian oil and gas exploration contractors could only be awarded by our so-called "open" oil government. It leads down to a matter of trust rather than concern — that our regulators can independently decide whether a gas lease on the Mackenzie is in the best interests of the public, trust that both government and industry will, trust in informedness of the risks involved, trust that the evidence will be considered in the final decision. This is a tall order. On the basis of honesty there is little reason for confidence that the broader public interest prevails.

The National Energy Board is our main Federal regulatory board in this case. But for an appealing argument of the value of our only two hydroelectric powerplants, we will have to go to the U.S. Export-Import Bank and to the U.S. export markets as foreign investment partners. It wouldn't be reasonable for a Mackenzie gas line for another two or three decades. It is now going on after another month. I repeat? The Rita gas has already publicly committed that Canada must develop the frontier. It has also rejected protective review.

The *Markupine* pipeline ride is the crest of a long history. Under the guise of a "Canada first" policy, its resource development, our successive federal governments have permitted the elimination of every major power and fuel reserve within continental reach of the American "patriot". The oft-maligned "continental energy package" is today a billion-plus reality. All of the above-mentioned—the generation, pipelines, transmission lines, and so on—was being con-

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# Cape Breton Blues

The steel mill giveth, the steel mill taketh away

*Especially do we think that, O Lord, for the God of Canada, thy known body of water that separated us from the sick cells that (look on the other side thereof)—Cape Breton prays, 19th century*

It starts at the Strait of Canso, the inland beauty of the Maritimes runs into the hills, and tensions become grand, because something else becomes Cape Breton like the psychic change too. It becomes threat, and collectors, because of the outside world. It becomes the complete cultural form of English Canada. But it is ambiguous too, suffering the attention of highland and shore and the repetition of economic hardship, the anxiety of home truths and the rise of outside economic forces.

Cape Breton defines itself against the world in the outside world. One is fixed. It is Halifax, the ancient, disease, bourgeoisie, fat, of despised "mainland aristocrats" toward Cape Breton. The other漂泊不定. It is a place of temporary economic refuge. For a century it was the "Boston States" then until recently it was Ontario. Now it is Alberta.

For Billy Joe MacLean it's Alberta with a vengeance. MacLean is mayor of Port Hawkesbury, the first town of the Cape Breton island, Cape Breton, on the mainland. His name is Billy MacLean, 39, who worked in Calgary in February. "Such a pretty thing, just five-feet-tall. They snatched her face and shamed her." He left a hand in a failing effort to understand this wilderness beyond the Urch. "I

can't say I think much of Calgary," he says. His secretary left for Fort McMurray earlier, following theodus of young Cape Bretonians to unemployment in an official rate of 16.9% for the island in February, and a real rate of anywhere up to 20%. Statistics Canada doesn't count those who have given up looking for work. Some 14,445 in a work force of 58,000 were claiming unemployment in February.

There are no statistics on the migration, but the numbers are higher, because some who have left, "Readily 25 years old, young girls left from Inverness," says MacLean. "Some young people left from here in one week alone." Most of them will only be there as long as they have to. "There are

not letters a week here from Cape Bretonians in Alberta asking for work. They'd come back right away if they could. Ninety-five percent will come back," MacLean speaks of Alberta with sorrow, of Halifax with anger. He is describing his frustrations with Halifax bureaucrats. His face comes over his hand, knuckles white, forehead face red behind a graying goatee. "You feel like grabbing the guy and shaking him and saying 'Hey, don't sit on me for the next ten years!'"

He lives in a three-story house, overlooking a bay on a four-lane highway with schools, cultural center, shopping centers, water and sewer systems intended to serve a population of 30,000. Instead it has 3,000 people and a \$12-million debt. Provincial politicians used to dream of countries infrastructure on the Strait of Canso a hundred steps and urged the town to build for the population deficit. The infrastructure didn't come, beyond the pulp mill, oil refinery, heavy water plant and a few more installations which already existed. Every year MacLean has to drag his crew to Halifax and beg for money to pay the town's debt. After a struggle, Halifax invariably coughs up—but never enough to keep Port Hawkesbury from having what MacLean says is the highest tax rate east of Montreal.

At least, he points out with chiding anger, there is little unemployment within the town limits. "Anybody who's unemployed moves out immediately. I'm paying \$800 in tax on my house, the guy down the road pays \$700. Over in the country,



A Space Inlet furnace (left) and the Cabot Trail (below). Cape Bretoners may go down the road, but their hearts don't.

they could pay \$1000."

He has a hand in a failing effort to understand this wilderness beyond the Urch. "I

By Ralph Surette



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ntional control under conditions which contribute to skidding. It has a dual diagonal brake circuit. If one circuit ever fails, a second is still there. Telescoping aluminum bumpers act as "cushions" in the event of minor collisions. "Inertia" seat belts are standard. As are child-proof rear door locks and steel-belt radial tires.

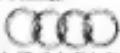
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and gas pass \$400. You can see the attraction of that." The unemployment stats outside the town on the hinterland, where it's anywhere as useful as it is useful, when fishing and tourism slow down, as villages along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, along the St. Lawrence and on the highland frontier. These are places where the racial difference vanishes in the tidal waves and intermingling of the world that the rest of Canada has left. Such places as Baddeck, Glencoe Mills, Loch Lomond and Bear River, towns where Gaelic is still spoken and where post offices are sometimes marked Post Office/Tigh Eadhra/Poste/Warren. 44 Poste.

The suns and the summer are the first and the heart of Cape Breton, but to remain in one place loses all thoughts of beauty beyond, and becomes resigned to singular splendor. This is industrial Cape Breton, dominated by the steel and iron industry, a mile-long, fire-bellied dragon of metal and slag, which seems designed by the harbors of Greece to shock the imagination. It is industrial Cape Breton's central contradiction and its central problem. The mill is owned by a provincial Crown corporation—Sykes the Sydney Steel Corporation—which is \$200 million in debt and expected to lose another \$40 million in the 1986-77 fiscal year. To open their factories are announced and postponed. Only two of them opened all winter because of depressed world markets for steel. Leyatts have left its workers at 2,100 men, down from more than 4,000 in 1974.

The provincial government had hoped that the problem would be solved with a new steel plant—2.5 million tons from Sydney on the Atlantic, which would have produced steel for the European partners. Sykes would have been integrated into the new operation and the growing problem of Cape Breton steel would have been solved. A decision by the European consortium on whether to go ahead was to be made last fall. With a deterioration led by Premier Gerald Regan spent a week in Amsterdam in March and found this to be out of the question. With some 40% of the world's steelmaking capacity idle, the decision will be made in about three years, if ever.

That leaves Sykes a more problematical than ever. A half-baked renovation job which cost \$150 million would be a drag on a couple of years ago when the remaining slab of Gibson emerged in new would cost an estimated \$150 million to \$200 million to finish the job with new basic oxygen furnaces to replace the open hearth ones and put Sykes—perhaps—on an economic footing. Provincial and Sykes officials are now hunkering down to devise a plan by the fall that will, they hope, save steel in Sydney—possibly with federal money. Tim Kent, Sykes' new managing director, says the company has to find new markets for rails, the mill's main product (it produces all of CS's rail) and has to enlist as integrated its company somewhere—anywhere—



MacLeod has living room art better ideas?

willing to take on Sykes as its permanent supplier of steel-reinforced steel products. Kent is hopeful that that is possible—since many steelmakers around the world are finding it difficult to expand in congested urban areas. "That's the kind of thing we have to achieve," he says. "If not, we have to contemplate the unthinkable, that there will be no real capacity in Cape Breton with all the devastating effect that will have on the community."

Sykes' fall of Sydney closing, the way the rest of its mills in Quebec were very little, was simply predictable. The company is another restructured about that predictability or successfully taken. "A mill 30 years old and steel in Sydney was never supposed to go away anywhere but down," says retired metallurgist Murdoch MacNeil, holding forth at the Steel City Tavern. "Barrett still hangs." If steel could survive Black Friday—October 13, 1985, when the Dominion Steel and Coal Corp. pulled out—no one says anything, he says. After a few haze-raising months, the province took over the mill in 1986.

Shuttleworth, Wayne Atkins tries to explain Sydney's marchion in a bit. "The way people thought down here, if they close the thing down there'll have to pay us welfare all the time. We won't eat." His brother-in-Alberta "but he's coming back if he can." The Chisholm's are a second father of two and has been sold from a steel plant. "We're scared stiff that it will close," he admits in an instant whisper. "My father's been there 35 years and my mother's scared off." We all are. "He's going to Alberta this summer when his unemployment money runs out. But he's not going to live it any more than he lived Ontario when he was there." "Detroit—hell, looked... same, same! Sad is the world!" Christie is a typical denizen of industrial Cape Breton, friendly—a fighter and a philosopher. Everybody makes a point to stand on their independence, their independence even the women. But independence has important limits. "I can fight. I'm not scared of anybody," says Christie. "But I feel big businessmen and that it's down on me and there's nothing I can do about it."

"There's colonialism mentality here," says Parker Deasman, an editorial writer at The Cape Breton Post. "People have been in this country so long the only way of fighting the system is to get as much out of it as possible. It's true that people cling together and fight back on minority issues, rape cases, that sort of thing. But there's not the ability to sustain the ranks and to continue to work for a long-term battle." Deasman, who left the U.S. when he was six years old to come here, says "Any one who has any skill at all can go elsewhere and make more money," but for those who stay money isn't the main motivation. What is that main motivation is heritage, environment, the

joys of home—that web of indefinable called culture." There's a very old fashioned flavor to life here that appeals to people. Deasman says "We've never lived in a place where there's no concern as effort over heritage—their Gaelic heritage. Also, their environment. Even people who work in the mines are apprised of the fact that the miners are the last real coal miners left in North America. It's basic to them, basic to the sense of the word, in the full spiritual and cultural sense." He adds that "It's one of the last places in North America where you can raise kids without the kind of fear that exists elsewhere. Here in the bigger city in Cape Breton you can send your 15-year-



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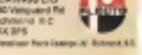
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old daughter to the corner store at 10 p.m. without any anxiety whatsoever. They're not slackers, they just don't consider their employment in the best and easiest of the exercises. It's a just a lousy, silly life."

To enter the steel mill with its flashes of light, its roar of noise, its reek and cinders, I have chosen this, the last century of the twentieth, as my integrated area and area of study. Consider the steel mill, the towering presence of strength and industry, to evoke the spirit of industrial Grecian Britain the way the Black Forest evokes Gothic. The steel mill seems to my mind what the people say in the invective, it's a *DISGRACE*! It's a *DISGRACE*!

Inevitably, but there's a link, says Father Gregory MacLean, a philosophy professor at the Collège of Cape Breton and a prominent Cape Breton nationalist. That link is "cultural attitude" which MacLean says is "not just of Cape Bretoners, but of Nova Scotians—anyone who should be bilingual. Every now and then a prominent nationalist—although rarely a politician—stands up and says that if I can't put my way it should be shut down. The last in my line was Senator Henry Hicks, president of Dalhousie University and a former Nova Scotian premier, who died in 1982."

He was by no means the only one. "There was a huge outburst of anger earlier from Cape Breton," Acadian pelicans in Nova Scotia are always afraid to speak out about Cape Breton because of the reaction," says Hicks. "But the question is, how long can we afford to ignore St. John's?"

This kind of talk makes Fisher MacLeod and Ed Halibut, with its federal and provincial shareholders, an unusual and unusual breed: "a 90% on the job System loses \$20 million and it's an awful thing. At least here we produce something." The fact that such odds are made in the name of free enterprise also assures that industrial Cage Button stays modest, he says. The same \$20 and can for all the

Father MacLeod reminds Halifax politicians and academics who make economic calculations for Cape Breton "without understanding the role of culture and tradition." His arguments sound like Quebec's battle against Ottawa: "We're here. We're very sympathetic to Quebec."

His colleagues, though, are not so sure. "When I go to Halifax, I'm always appalled at how many Quebecers feel like an English Canada/Halifax in English and it's Protestant," says one. "The way they behave, the way they talk to each other." "Cape Breton's 175,000 people are 65% Scott Catholic, 28% Scott Presbyterian, 7% Anglican and about 5% Micmac. You can purchase a seat for enough, for getting us strongly into Cape Breton is *English*."

Some are less than analytic but admit the problem. Like Jim Ryan, president of the local of the United Steelworkers of America. The Cape Breton-veteran-cranked



### Bonham: stronger in qualified positions

butons "is usually brought up for political purposes," he says. "I heard one fellow say Regan could win the election on the mainland by promising to put the god-awful iron fence down." Not so, says Paul MacEwan, himself a zealous guardian of Cape Breton's integrity, nevertheless doesn't he believe in a continental sentiment? "We're part of Nova Scotia. You can't play off one part of the province against the other. All parts are interdependent. We're Nova Scotians."

Down the karribee from Syon's residence and studio there's another significant Cape British installation. This is Davis the Cape British Developments Corporation, housed in Sydney's only lightstone building—an 18-storey structure a built multi— an immediate indicator of the body's diverse energies which encompass importing and breeding sheep and cattle, marine farming, building and engineering works, restaurants, a golf course and other tourist attractions, and a brewery and candle factory.

Most of the *Desco* management "Savvy people," says Ties Kent, Desco's president on why he jumped to *Desco* from *Siemens*. "Desco was in the same sort of situation as *Siemens* is now." That idea was that *Desco* would be purchased. "Desco was set up by the federal government as a result of a 1968 report that recommended closing the plant," says Kent. "The plant was to be closed and the industry was to move to the Midwest. The plant was to be closed and the industry in the type remained in the state. The result was a series of spectacles in the Midwest, Massachusetts-style, as American passengers walked in and out with enthusiastic effect. The philosophy was then changed to smaller scale development with a relationship to a centralized local customer, a local staff or a local business," says Kent. David Mihalek, a general manager at *Desco*, says, "When we got the news [from the state], the guys around there [began] to make the decision that the deal of deal was over." A \$25-million cut from production, plant-wide, and total was on its way. Two new plants have been opened and production is steadily increasing. *Desco* employees are finding a sense of security in the company's future.



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of nearly 4,000 in its moving operations. It is the largest employer in Cape Breton with 500 staff at Lévison, Point Aconi and Glace Bay.

But cost isn't king yet. The losses lost \$15 million last year, and could lose more this year because of technical problems. Yet says John Dodge, head of marketing, the cost is being reduced. "The cost of moving people is down," he says. "The cost was high in the first, but he worked it down." Dodge says the cost of moving a new office from Sydney to Glace Bay is now \$10,000. Steel is up 10% by 10% makes it the way cost appears to have. Dodge could become the first hero-businessman here since Lord Sydney.

Dodge is an anti-hierarchical. It fits

Cape Breton like a glove. David Newton, head of the primary production section, runs an old jeep with three bags of feed in the back. He's off to Point Edward, across the harbor from Sydney, where Devon's 10-day cause on sheep breeding is on. Point Edward is Cape Breton's only industrial town, a cluster of World War Two-era buildings which housed the defense aircraft industry when Devon's parents had a 300-seat lumber-warehouse building that was two years ago burned to the ground. Newton has 1,200 sheep sheep in quarantine. Newton is a character. Devon has lists of prices in brochures in gardens and a cheap rate—cheaper for pensioners—

and they're all taken up. It has gone bankrupt on the gas, it has 80 men clearing land for cattle—a guarantee to get them off the welfare rolls and have them qualify again for unemployment insurance. "We could have done it cheaper," he claims, "but we did it better." And it has plans, plans alone. Devon recently advertised for ideas from the public—anyone with an idea on how to develop the island, anything, writing an estimate on a napkin, make an offer by April 15.

Then there are the Americans. Up until 1974, the islands and shores of the Bras d'Or lakes were the premier prints of American land purchases, generating tremendous controversy and resentment. That wave of take-over has ended and now that the winds have changed what remains is remarkable in many ways. Americans emerging as Cape Breton partners, out to save the island, the environment and the culture before it goes the way of Manhattan Island. There's an American taking pasture, training cattle, something anything that isn't the standard Cape Breton's Magazine, a publication devoted to the love and tradition of the island, was started by an American expatriate, Ron Caplan, at West Cove.

There are other positive influences, too. The Gaspé Bay heavy water plant, the 1200-megawatt station that hung around Robert Stanfield's neck when he was premier, has been rebuilt by Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. for less than \$120 million and started functioning last summer. That is, if nothing else, a symbolic breakthrough. The first test is well, in the 1990s salt water will be left to accumulate after a salt run and it overflowed into freshwater. Some 300 jobs have been created there (two of Canada's three heavy water plants are in Cape Breton, the other is at the Stanfield Canal).

Yet there's always that sense of isolation which is the bad economy of Cape Breton. The people in this pretty island still look unassimilated, incomplete. The project of syncretism comes was not there. The sparse freshwater is marginal. After enormous controversy this past winter, and much public pressure, the province turned down a request by the pulp mill at the Head of Canso to spray the forest with chemicals.

There's a moratorium on that. There will be jobs this summer in an intensive harvesting program the province is organizing. But Brian Netherton, an instructor at Devon's sheep-breeding course, has a better idea. If the badwoms kill the forest, the new growth will become aspens, he says, with impressive glee. Not only that but—and he's almost dancing now—a coyote was trapped on the mountain this winter after ravaging sheep there. "Coyotes are taking over North America. But remember, Cape Breton's an island. No coyotes here."

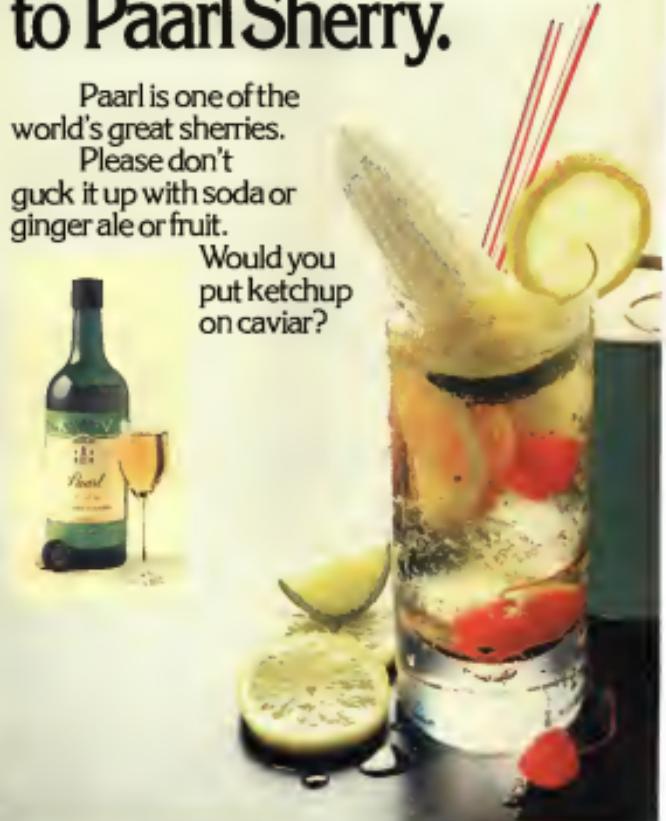
Cape Breton may be as bad as anyone's shape, but there are still some optimism around.

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old psychiatrist has reported that basic expression again and again. She has moreover won a great deal about the claim of national intonations on that divide French and English in Quebec. With some reluctance, the Quebec government has agreed to a measure of protection of these language rights and guarantees in its treatment of the English and ethnic minorities. After almost every speech, Launay has made in French, someone has shaken his hand, marvelled at the fact he hadn't lost his temper and urged him to carry on his message. The English, on the other hand, although they have been moderately well treated, are still to the 22% there are no signs to demonstrate moderate moderation may prove sound-thinking, sensible and unnecessary. Launay's fabled serenity seems to them to be, in a word, empty.

One of his aides inadvertently put his finger on what interested many of LaSalle's new French Canadian listeners when he described how "Remy's" psychiatric training leads him to explore the causes behind an emotional outburst. "He doesn't get egomaniacally involved," it was a way of demonstrating people individually. "His company staff stopped early one evening," E. G. McLaughlin, president of the Royal Bank, had told a Quebecois businessmen's group—in English—that if the bank's staff

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office was not allowed to function in English, it would move. If this happens, McLachlin argued, Quebec would lose the \$250 million in economic activity it is generated directly or indirectly by hotel offices.

It was not a political speech. After 52 years in Montreal, McLachlan was unable to read a speech in French and the rest of his book in plain francophones. His decision-making position was, to say the least, curious. When, with fanfare, Royal Bank announced in February that it was transferring 100 head-office jobs to Toronto, it turned out that only four of 100 jobs were held by francophones. Laurier admitted later, he was managing some French here. Although his tone did not change, his words did. He found McLachlan's position "indefensible, a little condescending as if it were inferior specimens of humanity."

People who know LaRue were not surprised by Ray Rucker, a sociologist who worked on the white paper and has known LaRue since childhood, remembers: "You know, Classen LaRue comes from very modest Denby—Denby is that it is a station between Laramie and Cheyenne. They both have a great respect for ordinary people, regardless of their ethnic background. They will do everything to make sure they're not pushed around," he praised. "But the big rich bankers and their money try to put the government in place—they are going to get it. It would be like the ones that gets that government to change its mind."

While Larnie shares that popular notion with Levesque, it has become clear to them that the process of the language shift and in some ways, the revision of Quebec



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are very different. As one party strategist who knows both men points, "Laurier is a conservative nationalist and Laurin is a left-wing nationalist. Laurier often refers to history...Laurier never does that. He looks to Scandinavia or the United States for his examples."

Thus, speaking to the traditionally conservative Sophie Boudreault-Baptiste right after Bill C-46 was tabled, Laurier sounded and looked almost like a parish priest—wise and unspoken in his dark suit with his jet-black hair, his fast crooked and hand, saying that he was not offended by the charge that the bill was "ethnocentric." "Far from feeling that to be a reproach, or blame, stay yet, ethnocentrism. For all nations are based on ethnocentrism: the Greeks among, the Germans among, the Indians among..." (11). He agreed with the accusation, then, while wholeheartedly supporting the bill. Quebecers are concerned. What is at stake is a desire ethnocentrism, or "having race as a natural interest, characterized by or based on the attitude that one's own group is superior."

Laurin was once called "the most resounding" of the Parti Québécois members in the National Assembly when he was House Leader of the opposition by members during the early 1970s. But it was also Laurin who years ago wrote that "it's a question of taking lot ground. Our population has in several leaders here in the province. Let them understand the needs, take the initiative of social reforms sometimes draconian which are needed, and they will be followed. Our French and English citizens will be delighted much more warmly by them than by the just proclaiming of simple, nice and useless complaints." That was in 1947 when Laurin was director of *Le Québec*, Laurin, the student newspaper at the University of Montréal. Now 30 years later he is the man responsible for a little paper that speaks of a "resounding" rather than of "taking lot ground," declaring that "coercive rules are necessary" (although the translation of the word in the English text was "overpowering") and laid out measures that many non-Québécois would not have seen in their wildest dreams.

Despite the many public charges his language, Laurin has given birth to some questions, those who know Laurin speak of his outfit and self-deprecating sense of humor. Born in 1920 to a talented professional family, René Lévesque, and the father of two daughters, he himself is a lover of music and opera and sings classical songs.

Among party members and, since the 1976 November election victory, among the many, Laurin has also acquired a reputation for being a minister who does his homework. "He is one minister—and I can tell you that is not true of everyone—who has read all of every document his staff has given him," said a senior official. "He really knows the language question."

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That is probably one reason Lévesque got the job. Two other factors may have been just as important. Lévesque is known as a centrist within the Liberal party, and he is known to go in with the party. Known as the PQ as "Le Disc," he is trusted with a sensitive negotiation.

Camille Lévesque grew up in a working-class Montreal, the son of a bistro owner, and attended a classical college where school friends will remember him as outstanding since all boy captains. He then went on to the University of Montreal to study medicine. As a working student, Lévesque was known for his tendency to take life as merrily. Writing a fellow student in the campus newspaper, "Seminarium," quoting from the newspaper, I find Camille Lévesque is in education. In the summer when you can't find a job, you go to the great outdoors and have a holiday. In political commentary, whose portraits would be on Camille Lévesque's desk, I find, were, and, I suppose, of social reformers and progressives."

In 1948, Lévesque went to study law at the Sorbonne in Paris. He had been admitted to Quebec City had been admitted with the rank ever since the Union Nationale was passed Bill 80, giving parents freedom of choice in the language of education in 1939. The ensuing angry storm among francophones helped pave the way for the defeat of the Union Nationale in 1948 and the election of Bourassa's Liberals. Yet Bourassa delayed introducing language legislation because a special committee under Jean-David Gaudreault, the status of French in Quebec was still待定. But during 1950, the General Motors plant at St. Jerome had a three-month strike over language and Bourassa backed the strikers' demands that French be the language of work. His compromise failure to sway the company from its insistence that conversion to French would lead to unnecessary paper work and inefficiencies increased the pressure for language legislation. Since then, French has become the language of work in Q.M.

Then in 1953, the Gaudreault committee reported, recommending that French become the language of work and the Bourassa government subsequently introduced Bill 72, which declared French to be the official language of Quebec, set up a provincial commission for the business world and instructed all Quebec English schools to children who could pass a language test. The bill passed principally because The English were sceptical of the prospect of any institution on the English school system. French schoolchildren were sceptical that any immigrant or French-Canadian child who could be coached to pass a test could ever the English mother than the French school system.

By the time he came, Camille Lévesque had learned from the Liberals' mistakes. He would not, he decided, wind up like the Liberals, being visited by both sides. His strategy was to assume he was a man of few words, and to keep his distance from the vociferous department heads such as Louis-Philippe Tessier and Guy Roberge. The other three were easier to assert: Henri Laberte, press attaché and former president; Michael McAndrew (a francophone despite his name); and the one Englishman in the group, David Payne, as English bilingual minister teacher in a community college.

After the no-confidence vote on November 15, Lévesque was given the task of drawing up a

language policy to replace the Liberals' highly unpopular Bill 72. Lévesque made his intentions clear: "We want French to be the official language of Quebec," he declared. "We want French to become the language of work and communication. We want the referee to be French. We want everyone to know that French is a necessary, useful, profitable and that, in particular, immigrants realize that Quebec is French."

It was not the first attempt by a Quebec government to legalize the primacy of French. Various administrations in Quebec City had been experimenting with the issue ever since the Union Nationale was passed Bill 80, giving parents freedom of choice in the language of education in 1939. The ensuing angry storm among francophones helped pave the way for the defeat of the Union Nationale in 1948 and the election of Bourassa's Liberals. Yet Bourassa delayed introducing language legislation because a special committee under Jean-David Gaudreault, the status of French in Quebec was still待定.

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The team decided to avoid the pitfalls of Bill 72, as one member explained by de-

scribing very clearly what the objectives of the legislation are: "Four principles emerged: that is, that the subsequent whole policy would be to maintain Quebec as a bilingual state; that the French language is not merely a means for expression. But a medium for living as well. Second principle: There must be respect for the majority language and culture and their culture. Third principle: it is important to learn languages other than French. Fourth principle: the status of the French language in Quebec is a question of social justice."

The most difficult part came in working out criteria for access to English schools. At the beginning, 14 drafts of the section passed

between cabinet, a special cabinet committee and the staff group. At a cabinet minister got it later with a grin: "The problem was that the government had to make a few regulations, but a whole policy, he had to find out." "In the end, the whole government had to be convinced to Quebec nationalists. On the day after the policy was released, Lévesque received a standing ovation from the royal commission and a unanimous vote of approval.

Presumably, the non-francophone section was passed despite the fact that the existing English community will still have more rights than French Canadians in any other province—the right to deal



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with their government and its agencies in their own language the right to send their children to school in English and the right to address the courts and the National Assembly in that language. What then distinguishes an auto-francophone was the particularity of naturalization and became one's distinctive mark no purpose was to make "Quebec as French as Ontario in English". The overall effect was to make the English and Quebec other ethnic groups wonder if they still had a place in Quebec.



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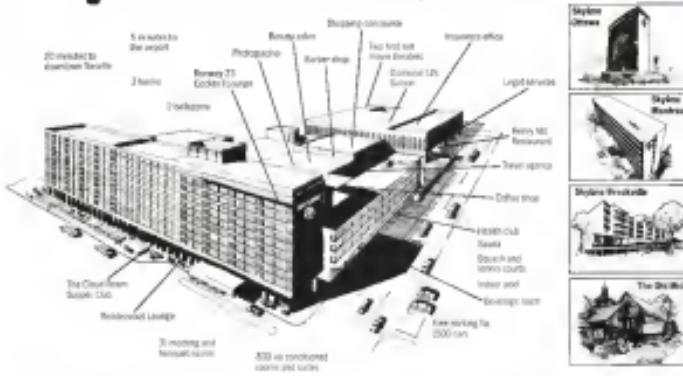
my mistake is the cross-cultural possible example of a majority." The authors of Quebec's new language rules (see first) there is more than a hint of bias in the apparent nostalgia for anglophones for the right of immigrants to choose English. One need never ask about the results wanted to know "about a small Greek shipper

who is incorporated, and goes on court. Shouldn't he have the right to speak English in court?" To which Laura replied: "Why not Greek?" The reason around Laura point out that the Indian community should not be forced to speak English in Tezpur without Indian

schools—why not in Montreal. Is not French proud of English?

Laurens gambling that he can pressure his constituents to accept what he believes the Quebecois must accept and tolerate as a price. Prime Minister Trudeau is again backward and timid. It is a bad gamble, and in terms of history and overall the stakes are high. If he is right, the gamble may be what the Parti Quebecois members referred to "a dry run for the referendum"—a campaign that will narrow the majority without alienating the minority. If he is wrong, the Parti Quebecois could eventually become the first government in history to be defeated over a language policy.

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CHAPTERS IN CANADIAN THOMAS READING TESTIMONIALS

# The master of Stratford

Robin Phillips does it his way. His way works

By David Cobb

The card on his desk, from a member of the company, was both laudatory and opaque: "Are we going to have a great season? Is the *Prince* *outstanding*?"—but Robin Phillips located in it the note signaling the leak in his pipe with a lighted match. Punch-eyed and when dazed a Florida helmsman, selfed with finger, a brawn-out carthorse wheel, he was referring the last few days of hubub before the company returned to rehearse for Stratford Festival's twenty-fifth season, opening June 6.

Known to the enduring the press, which tends to see as evergreen, fractious and not generally up to the job in either of reporting, his sense or motivating his achievements. Most of all, he was referring a letter from a small Toronto theater company that seemed to be making a subsidiary form of drama by getting on Phillips' English nerves. Last year one of the theater's 10 directors, in the audience, interrupted a performance of Richard III with a scathing aspersion: "What's the Monitor doing in the Stratford? And here they were again, setting in Stratford's artistic darkness to offer themselves for a favored directing job. The tone was simultaneously obvious—as if knowing, after last year's display, they would not be as Stratford's directing short list ever and might therefore be as rude as words would allow. Phillips was trying to rise above it, and failing it hard. "That's the sort of thing one's economically," he said. He left, and counted his day with his fingers. "It doesn't make much job any more."

His job is wide open for comment and even at its most adverse there's something in Robin Phillips that almost welcomes it. It gets the jocund running—and it enables him to deploy the belated—Robins pose out of fancy, since he tries to be a brilliant actor, at which he is adept. The most obvious comment is about his work load. It's hard to realize that this is merely his third season at Stratford, in pure time, it may seem an eternity, but in achievement—both backstage and on—it's about a decade of anyone's life. To put it in perspective, by the end of this summer Phillips will have directed 14 productions in these years. His predecessor, Ian Gaskin, directed 16 in seven seasons (1968-74); Gaskin's predecessor, Michael Langham, directed 11 in 17 sheer seasons (1955-67).

But the productions are only the most visible part of Phillips' Stratford universe. He has had the Festival Theatre's balcony rehearsal (a \$145,000 face-lift) for the Avon Theatre, a subsidiary house that had

been slowly dying on the festival tank, and expanded the Avon's season—once only two weeks long—to full 22-week parity with the Festival Theatre. The scope of Phillips decides what the women in the box-office wear, whether the programs and stationery will be the design of this year's festival flag, the decor of the business office, many of whom, as yet, have heard of Phillips not ever cast. No matter what one thinks of individual productions or one's opinions, the festival crackles in a way it hasn't done in 20 years. It means that theater players and theatergoers know quite what to expect: very much what all the good Italians that the new regime has harvested the festival from its marbled galleries and put it squarely in third place among theater companies in the English-speaking world, behind Britain's National

and Royal Shakespeare—and in the view of some, closing fast. And that's—econ for a man who says that "Stratford is more important than the industry!"—that at 35 Robin Phillips has an air stamp and personality upon the festival more clearly than anyone since Tyron Guthrie, natural child in the last back in 1953. Whether this is entirely a good thing is another matter.

Phillips became interested in Canada at about the time he became disinterested in Britain. Part of the disinterest was what he calls "the separator thing"—he mismatched his lot many British stage actors to sugar their emotions, underline their feelings, and productions became as insipid and predictable as any provided by the Moscow Art Theatre. "Yes I could admire them," he says, "but where was the spark?" Primarily an actor in the early Sixties, he started directing in earnest

Phillips (right) directing Maggie Smith and Barry MacGregor in this season's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? everybody adores him... well, almost everybody

it 1966—and in 1968 directed a sensational production of Chakhe's *The Seagull* in a London suburb. Word quickly spread that here was a new director to watch, uninfected by custom, and a succession of highly praised productions followed. Two less laudable productions followed, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* for the Royal Shakespeare Company, Stratford, England, in 1970. Peter Hall, one of the most honored and most traveled thespians in Britain, was then head of the lot. Despite an on a three-rehearsal to see what young Phillips was up to, Hall was appalled at what he considered Phillips' moderation liberties with the sacred text. "That production," he discussed, "wasn't never seen." Assured by the joint office that this was impossible, too many tickets were already sold, Hall did allow the production to proceed, but he was not happy—and the fact that it wanted to become the hit of the lot's 1970 season could not have made him any happier. The word spread, getting out that Phillips was somehow unconvincing, not substantial, though besides, the lot had a house style and Phillips' sincerely did not have it.

But he was resiled. Greenwich was too small. Stratford was out, and Peter Hall was now at the National. "I really wanted one theater," he recalled to a friend, "and I may have to sacrifice to get it." He thought of Australia. And then he thought again, years before, touring of the Stratford Old Vic theatre school, he had worked with a bunch of Canadians—among them Dennis Ferguson, Ed Donkin, Grant Cowie, and Pat Armstrong. They'd all gone back to Canada. Phillips was resiled, and they seemed happy there. "Well, a wouldn't hurt," Phillips wrote to Gaskin. "Get anything?" And so, Gaskin replied. But by coincidence it just about that time the Phillips name was being broadcast about by the Stratford Festival board, then casting a wide set for Gaskin's successor. Working from lists drawn up for them by Stratford, Ian and I had decided to submit the bid, located some 25 kilometers west of a half-hour's drive from London and Canada. All were invited to come and have a chat, and among them was Robin Phillips.

As Phillips remembers it, "I came, liked the place—and found the acting to be much the same, and old Stratfordian hardness that there is in England. What's the point? That's what I wanted to get away from. So when the board asked me how I'd like that sleepy little town I replied that it wasn't for me. But there was one woman on the board, Barbara Day (from London, Ontario), who suddenly started talking very passionately about what the festival needed. It had to go forward, she said, it couldn't stand still, it couldn't be static. She wasn't a great talker but I've dealt with hours before and I've never known anyone talk with such passion about a place. Barbara made me realize there was a problem to be done, that should be done."

And that he should do it. The board was bowled over by Phillips when he changed his mind. "There was no question about this," says John Kellie, then present, "it was done." And so, in the end, that was passed in. "The board members howled over to that day," says one member. "Gaskin could be a great director but he was not a planner. He didn't have Robin's vision or scope. Laughlin came to us few of our meetings as he could. Gaskin came to some—but I don't think Robin's vision one. He never met anyone more politically minded than he is. Our responsibility is to raise budgets, to plan ahead—it's not easy for an artistic director to agree again for five, two years in advance, but Robin announced the 1976 season in February!



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**Hawaii.** It's called the Big Island so as to not confuse Hawaii with Hawaii. Anyway, this is where the Goddess of the living — in Volcano National Park. Look down and you'll see molten lava. Look up and

**Molokai.** It's called the friendly isle and that it is. Lots of room, few folks. Look for an hour and you'll see more sheer beauty and less cars than believable. Fishing, hunting and relaxing are particularly good here. Enjoy a fantastic trip by mule train while you're here.

**Lanai.** They call it the world's largest pineapple plantation. It's a gentle island. Like a vacation from your vacation. Look at Hawaiian petroglyphs, try to fathom what's been etched in stone long, long ago.

# LOOK

## AT THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII, A FEAST FOR THE SENSES.

**Paradise.** In fact, there's a contagious carnality all over the state. It's called the Aloha spirit and each island of the chain has its own unique way of showing.

Unique too, each of the islands. Take a moment to look them over here, one at a time.

**Mau.** Back in the 1800's Maui was the whaling capital of the Pacific. Today the town of Lahaina has been restored, a tribute to the whalers and their ships. Maui sweeps up from the beach to the top of near thousand foot Haleakala, the mountain with a crater big enough to house Manhattan Island. Even

giant snow-capped Mauna Kea. The Big Island just doesn't have beaches — it has them in colors: black, green and pearl white. Orchids? Fields of them. And no visit is complete without tasting island grown Kona coffee and fresh roasted macadamia nuts.

**Kauai.** They say it has more beautiful distractions across its verdant valleys than you can count. Like the tropical version of the Grand Canyon, for example. Kauai is called the Garden Isle and if there's anywhere greener, let us know. Here too are beaches for two. Yes, this is where South Pacific was filmed.

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## THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

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Look down.



Look after.



Look in.



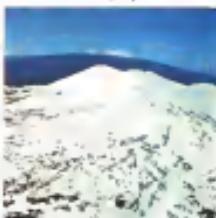
Look deep.



Look lost.



Look sharp.



Look cool.



Look wild.



Look splash.



Look again.



Look sea.

My God, he's plucked the pants right off us!

But the Phillips appointment, late in 1987, was not by a margin of amalgamation from Canadian associates, none of whom should neither have the board's view of the Phillips independence. "The Steinhardt board has sat in back 20 years," said Leon Major, artistic director of Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre. "It's thinking... and awful," says William Hart, artistic director of Theatre London. "Robert's reception was gratifyingly warm, (but) there and another kind of effort went into what Phillips was dropped across the stage with a jagged glove for cue, made by commentator David Rabin, who explained that 'on behalf of John Bellini' he was challenging Phillips to a duel. Through it all—through even a hostile meeting at a pub with a rousing chapter of microtransgressions—Phillips persevered with more grace before the King than against those who so easily squandered the moment.

Philippe with exterior designer and co-builders Barbara Baetz and Bill MacLean

Still, the storms have left him gao-skeptical, particularly about the mads. And Phillips, a graphic and witty writer, is certainly capable of squirming up a few sounds of his own. When threatened he develops a kind of urge, statutory, drawing the wagons around him like bulls that he's packed in his genes with a verbal Winchester. "How to write a book," he says, "is to write a book. You can't do it on your way to work. You don't mind the making grass grow—but to go ahead and do something without looking back. Dear God!" Reviews of critics tend to vary with their views of his work. Those that lie beside on *Southern Newspapers* (James Forman, who has been thoroughly complimentary, and in *Brown's* critics Kressel-Tyson and S. A. Young, who have liked what he has done in the past, I suggested Cleve and I, are the ones that count.

But there was a sleepy writer in his place of Stanford last year. The wagons drew tighter, the epithets typed harder, as he spoke flicked upward the mouth turned. Resolved to write by himself, I understood the snarl by blushing, instantly that I enjoyed much of John Steinbeck, the (united) New York critics who, in long years past, had been the most perniciously critical of his work. Phillips' dourness, entrenched at his expense.

"The most's a joke," said Phillips snappily, "a vicious one." Above him had the thunderbolts clearly uttered: "Dear God, who is she first I have to sign?" Lunch ended.

Crises, of course, are far from over, especially taking tetanus into account the alphabet without themselves being able to spell. More generally, it's Phillips' relationship with his company, and then the innumerable ramifications of the alphabet (on one level) is almost daunting. William Hart, back for his twenty-second year at the festival, has worked with every Stanford alumnae director and company there that has had a successful engagement. "With Giselle," he says, "I'm not sure if we'll be able to get it up to the level that we want to. It's a very difficult piece to do, and it's a very difficult piece to do well."

A man with glasses and a patterned shirt is focused on working on a model airplane. He is wearing a white shirt underneath and a patterned jacket. The model airplane is on a workbench in front of him, and he is holding a small part in his hands.

Philippe with exterior designer and co-  
habitant Barbara Bouchard in their new home

part of a production was loud, obnoxious and healthy. With Langham, it's predictable and safe. With Gauvin, you suspect high blood-pressure. With Phillips the beatabout is strongly absent in the audience's

He's no doubt that Phillips understates and omits with some exacting well, and it's often manipulative, that's what's going on here." He of me," says Tom Kerecove, "I am greatly grateful." Justice Breyer says three friends—he allows them for yourself." Miss Anderson's way up there, at a level that I want to work lower than." Rashad says, that's right." When I was 18, I was a 19-year-old, he says, which is why I am 32." He is in fact just the company man, who was given an anonymous who has not disturbed the legal papers here.

He quite assure that we learned it and got on with it without him—  
I also talked about how a group—  
absurdly—by those who were  
in the Royal Family. They were  
of sorry import and longitude; Some  
of whom they played together, ate,  
and had seats together. To be at  
one of their parties was enough to  
make a person's spirits droop just as not  
enough to make a person's heart full

Somehow he managed to be unposed, as he went past it. "By a stroke of *inconceivable* luck!" "I'd rather have 10 minutes of really dead attention from *Rabbit*," says Baskin thoughtfully. "So as his hour's police asking over my plans for the future." *Others* noted that Baskin this year are more steadily involved. Muir Anderson, a professional actor for 20 years, has been in the lead role of *Others* since he had come to the end of *entire*. "I've come to terms with what's happened," he says. "I don't know if I'll be able to act again." She felt extremely close to Phillips during rehearsals, saying, "She talked from 7 to 11 to 12, and Napoleon, did I?" Phillips has a 77-year-old dad whom he doesn't see, causing his pain and was once engaged to actress O'Casey, daughter of Irish playwright Sean O'Casey. Many of both sexes Phillips instantly attracted. "He looks like a man and female like a woman," says Phillips. "He's a good-looking man, I think. I like him. I would say he's living a living out your best man." Phillips is a very sexy man. And once used you, then it's all he's on to some.

For more information, contact the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) at 301-435-0911 or visit the NICHD website at [www.nichd.nih.gov](http://www.nichd.nih.gov).

every Shakespearean would long wish the Phillips come back again to Stratford-upon-Avon! His presence has been electrifying, and his was that one of the most remarkable features of the world leadership of English-speaking drama to go for grubs, and Stratford should wait no longer for the return of centre Ronald Bayne, former director at the Royal Shakespeare and teaching drama at the University of Arizona. Phillips is "the next great director." But will he fulfill his greatness at Stratford? True, he has a five-year contract signed last year but he has a four-month "cool" and "that makes it worth while as any of today's contracts which debased the meaning of the term." (Doesn't he wish he would want to stay in that place anywhere for long? Perhaps working in his districts like Stratford, he would be more inclined to do so.)

er, a fear that his visual flush is not going. Once last year, as a momentary respite, he berated himself: "I don't feel myself enough time; it's all 'trials,'" asked him about the five years. He replied: "I'm constantly not going to stay for five more years! Five years?" Dear father! he said that some people always be remembered long after he's gone—"obtain cause to make the days over and above for a bit I'm a rever." The litigant that had whupped was gone, the players had returned, California wheel was firing again. There showing to be done.

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a cigarette."



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Closeup / The World

# The Spanish Renaissance

Democracy resumes, but not without its problems

By David Baird

Flamenco can dance prettily with postures in the villages and towns of southern Spain. Pictures of acrobats showing a good deal more than their costumes reinforce the message—stupendous (passively) invigorated the world a 15 years ago. That is surprising enough to anyone who recalls the frigid Franco era when sex was next to nonexistent. But Gaudi and Lorca are far from the only ones who are having fun in the Beaten province. The most persecuted author, the statue as a whole, the playing cards and the prostitutes there, it has had to happen for the past 40 years.

In the 11-months since the assassination of men and women, General Francisco Franco has had to run in the Valley of the Fallen. Spain has been agitated. And in the turbulent transition period that will, with good fortune, transform the country from a dictatorship into a democracy the country has become a centre of fervent political activity. The ferment will reach a peak June 15, when the nation votes in the first free elections since 1936.

For the average Spaniard, the times are worrying as well as exhilarating. But most of all they are unpredictable. Shaken from ages of political apathy since the end of the Spanish Civil War in April 1939, startled by the outburst of violence, sex-hunts and cries for reforms. As one bureaucrat sagely "Everything has used to be so simple. The Rich wins and the Clouds watch over them. Franco protected us. Now we are expected to think for ourselves."

Among the younger generation, however, better fed better educated than their parents and unscarred by personal memories of the Civil War, there is a burning enthusiasm for "democracy." The young refuse to accept the right-wing arguments that Spain's 35 million people lack the initiative to govern themselves without the aid of others and go in for laissez faire. Those who are seen as the new leaders of Catalonia and Andalucia, Franco made ample use of these weapons. Opponents were ruthlessly crushed and the press reduced to sycophany. Spaniards were shown beaten up, intellectuals chased abroad.

Since the old dictator died, however, a steady process of liberalization has lifted the nation to a new Spain, one which is ready to enter the mainstream of European life and forget the wounds of the past. And emotional scenes. Thousands of exiles have returned to the homeland that denied them a welcome for 40 years, among them historic Salvador de Madariaga, socialist leader Francisco Montseny (the only woman ever to hold a cabinet



Felipe Gonzalez, rallying supporters for his Socialist Party in Madrid, recently concluding the first election in 40 years.

unification and freedom. Their economic policies are aimed to allow the old to retire and the young to start. These workers earned a sharp rebuke for interrupting orderly, and those who failed in the histories of West Germany and France and hence much needed foreign currency.

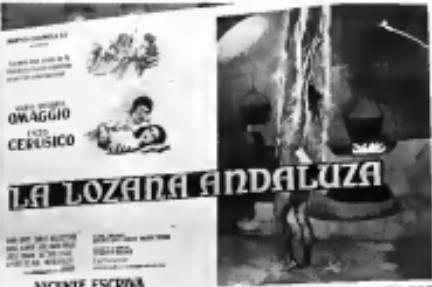
Though many of the poor workers have returned to swell the ranks of the unemployed, Spaniards live better than they have ever done. But the very price has been paid for the bitter sacrifice. Impressive growth from the Costa Brava to the Costa del Sol, the Mediterranean coast has been blighted by a wall of concrete in order to accommodate the pale-faced north European vacationers. 34 million of whom came in



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LOZANA ANDALUZA BY FILM DE VICENTE ESCRÍA

A huge movie poster, featuring a naked  
woman, in Madrid. France is very dead.

The Andalusian poster of 1931. Cities such as Madrid and Seville are a sight of high-rises and nerve-shattering traffic jams and are ranged around apartment blocks, thrown up by speculators often without proper health, education or even transport facilities.

In the past 15 years one million workers have quit the land, leaving their whinnying offspring to the rats and the midges. Yet while most of Spain's conflicts are typical 20th-century problems, some areas still suffer from feudal conditions. The great landowners in such backward areas as Andalucia still devote themselves to hunting and, using both white thousands of workers, many of them slaves, move with the seasons to wherever temporary jobs are available.

Spain's Fransen addresses the problems that were braked under the carpet have manifested themselves in an unbridled fervor which for the first time is permitted to focus attention on gravely troubled Andalucian. Fortunately, Fransen's cheery success, King Juan Carlos, has shown a sense of seriousness and few flaws. Many Spaniards are fervent Republicans—they know their king less king, Alfonso XIII, in 1931—but Juan Carlos has presented a liberal image without shrilling too openly in politics.

The king's most recent move appears to have been his appointment last July of Adolfo Suárez as premier. A politician from his stern black hair to his impeccably buttoned hose, Suárez has proven himself a master operator. As a former leader of the National Movement, the only party allowed under Franco, he knows better than anyone how to play the system.

"He's not a great politician, but he is capable of making a 180-degree turn in 24 hours," says one Madrid commentator. Alfonso Suárez is of the same generation as Juan Carlos and the two are close friends.

Suárez seems to have demonstrated that he had been on both the right and the left. Last November, the Cortes (parliament), a chamber split for an anti-democratic stance, was nudged into approving the scheme for electoral reform. A

thin usurous and sharply reduced resistance from migrant workers. A round of pay increases to newly enclaved industrial employees contributed to the country's gathering inflation which is likely to climb more than 30% this year. Once Spain was the beggar of Europe, it is that no longer true and food prices are approaching levels in other countries. Unemployment is expected to rise toward one million and the balance of payments shows a \$1.5 billion deficit.

Thus despite their spiritual revival and cultural resurgence, the coming of democracy is likely to mean for most Spaniards a period of economic difficulties. Fortunately, Fransen's cheery success, King Juan Carlos, has shown a sense of seriousness and few flaws. Many Spaniards are fervent Republicans—they know their king less king, Alfonso XIII, in 1931—but Juan Carlos has presented a liberal image without shrilling too openly in politics.

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month later the nation approved the plan by a resounding majority in a referendum.

Suárez has since pushed ahead with other reforms. Almost all the political prisoners held under Franco have been freed, trade unions are now allowed to organize freely, strikes have been legitimized (though with very restrictive limits), and in April the National Movement was disbanded.

The president has also managed to

whether the storms provoked by extremes on both wings and the Spanish public has responded in their violence with a calmness and sense of moderation for which it has not previously been noted.

The extreme left dealt a heavy blow early this year when members of Grupos de Resistencia Antifascista, Pioneros de Extremadura (G.R.A.P.E.) were rounded up. They had kidnapped a general and the president of the Council of State, but both were released by police. There followed a clampdown on right-wing extremists who had previously appeared indomitable, possibly because many of their members are suspected to be police.

But the greatest challenge to the government came in April when a revolt by the military was successfully arrested. The confrontation arose over the decision to legalize the Spanish Communist Party, a move as it turned out by those who recalled as Civil War status as an anachrony. Suárez knew that if he did not act, the communists and other left might boycott the elections, but the result was that Navy Minister Admiral Guillermo Pérez de Vargas resigned, and through the army's agents forced Suárez to postpone an "upheaval" it was prepared to accept the change for reasons of prudence. A coalition seemed likely since many Spaniards felt the military was, unfortunately, meddling in politics. But Suárez had let the situation go on for months and the revolt over.

Spain's military leaders have been a bulwark of Francisco and a number are veterans of the Blue Division that fought for Hitler in the Russian front. Many of the generals grew fat during the Franco years, boasting from comfortable perches and occupying influential positions in big business.

Intelligence-General Guillermo Mallado, Suárez's defense minister, however, is known as a moderate, an ardent convert to such members of the "Bunker" (the far right) as General Francisco Franco. Carlos Arias, who once said that Francoism would last 1,000 years, has a political instinct like a capable of making a 180-degree turn in 24 hours," says one Madrid commentator. Alfonso Suárez is of the same generation as Juan Carlos and the two are close friends.

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TREND

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It's elegant and ebullient. Bilingual and extraordinary alive. No hotel in Vancouver can match the Savoir. The last few days have been pushing ahead with their campaign, the centre group/Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Liberal have been discussing their impact at bringing out our citizens and policy. Confused by the proliferation of small sounding parties and by maxims that are similar in many respects the voters are likely to opt for a sensible solution that is pragmatic. In the case of the Alianza they will certainly know for whom they are voting. The leaders—known as "The Magnificent Seven"—are all Franco men who watched in amazement the Alianza develop what seemed many only necessary to Franco's grand plan. They enjoyed living generously, free parties and a good life style. The party, formed in 1970 by old Madrid Franco friends, is a浓郁ly subversive creature: interior minister and former ambassador to Britain. Respected by some, feared by many. Fraga himself maintains that the Alianza is a centre party similar to the British Conservatives or the French Gaullists and sharply denies any wish to become a factor.

Most of the Alianza's support will undoubtedly come from those who benefited from the previous regime, from members of the Movement, big business, rural landlords. It will therefore not come from both voters at the Madrid taxi-driver who stated at the election of Fraga's name "Those who have been here a long time are not fit for this country may leave if the Conservatives take over." That Spain doesn't need "The Magnificent Seven"—there's a country that needs caring out."

In contrast to the Alianza's Madrid headquarters—a modern office block—the Communist Party occupies a dingy building on the Calle los Peligros (literally Drunken Street). Two policemen are on permanent guard at the entrance. A notable achievement in the Communists' long clandestine struggle was the building up of an illegal trade union movement. Carillo, now 62, spent his entire driving off from Paris Spain's best-known political exile, party president Delores Ibárruri, known as "La Pasionaria" (the passion flower), took refuge in Moscow after the Civil War. She has become a legend for her rallying of the Republicans. Her "I shall not yield" song, "Non, je ne lâcherai pas" has been heard in Moscow so often that she can return to Spain. Carillo has been carefully fostering a stable moderate opposition, attacking the lack of human rights in Eastern Europe, advocating democracy and, recently, offering the monarchy.

For those who find this hard to swallow, a more sobering alternative is presented by the Socialist Workers Party the most

by one of the brightest young voices in Spanish politics, Felipe González, 34 from Seville. The road has along and hopefully tortuous and the struggle for workers' rights in Spain always seems to be always about, comes out as an underground moderate in his words around the country and Europe.

Far from violence and savagery for a moderate answer to their problems many Spanish voters are expected to vote for the centre block which has been trying to form a coherent group in face the Alianza and Europe.

The Roman Catholic Church in Spain

has resisted the temptation to involve itself in the elections. Traditional clergymen will leave their flocks in no doubt about the dangers of socialism and Communism.

But a new breed of radicals, to be found in the working class suburbs, often live with the left rather than the right. After being easily lost with the Franco state the working class is now more likely to use its voice. Some of its leading voices have been in parts to advise king and government of their day to liberate Spain.

Dozens of regional odd couples in the elections. Fraga's response to regional secession was an iron-fisted strategy to crush this will, violence and torture. This succeeded only in provoking bitter resistance, particularly in the more crudely repressed area, the Basque country. There Marxist separation—the Falange, the Alianza (ETAT)—Basque Homeland and Liberty—announced police beatings with batons official torture with beatings. While sparing violence more moderate parties are scared in demanding a degree of autonomy.

After a reasonable solution to these demands will be hot out of the problems confronting the new government. Preserving the newly organised trade unions to accept a range of minority interests that will probably include a wage freeze, reparation demands and 20% to 30% devaluations of the peseta is another. That is the arduous task of dismantling Spain's totalitarian system. The arrangements tested by 40 years of autocratic power live on among many policemen, among the privileged hierarchy, the monarchial bourgeoisie. Will they yield to the demands of a possibly amiable multi-party legislature? Could 1976 happen over again?

The difference today is that Hitler and Mussolini are dead, the rest of Europe and the United States are democratic Spain and the Spanish people have more hope.

Franco was always ready to tell his people "Spain is different". Today Spaniards have the opportunity to prove him right but in a very different sense by shifting from dictatorship to democracy without the aid of revolution.

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# The World

Dr. Amin will be conspicuous by his absence—everybody hopes

It was, as usual, a systems performance. No one could be quite certain just late in the day whether Uganda's President Idi Amin—branded for the massacre that as a mass murderer, this time by the International Commission of Justice—would turn up in London at the start of the Commonwealth Conference on June 8. The close-pinned book-ends on Amin's absence were given a maximum thumbs down by the heads of member governments—though none of them would admit publicly as the verdict. British Prime Minister James Callaghan was said to would be up to him to work out how to keep Amin away. But Amin himself, rather the voice of Amin in the game of Updowns Radio, thought he was in the clear, coming and going, "bombed out" nevertheless, he would bring down the British government.

Whether these were well-aimed salvoes that could possibly match the indomitable boulders thrown by the jets, who claimed that more than 100,000 people had been killed by the dictator's security forces, was not clear to power.

These revelations, all the more impressive for their conservative presentation, further enhanced but the number of Amin's victims as high as 300,000, seemed likely to make it more difficult for him to hold to his word and go to London. And close students of Amin's battered public style professed to detect uneasiness between his current line and the tactics he adopted in 1971 to 1973. Callaghan in 1973, when he first met a cadre in the Gambia (who was not an Amin at the time), asked him to read a speech complete with a copy of local Nsobas paper, to which Jim Ntendem at the time was not sure—and Amin stayed away.

This time he visited Commonwealth Secretary General Shashi (Sawney) Ramphal that he had booked the entire St George Hotel, but that it would not stay there (he could)—it was fully booked.

Worldwide, at the beginning of the weekend, was the news that



A caricature of a caricature (above), McPherson (left) and Trudeau (right) The Commonwealth leaders have enough problems to deal with, even without Amin

problems and political messes may end the year's docketing up.

McPherson is not known for his dogmatism and he has no frontiers on that issue, even among the so-called "old" Commonwealth countries. Prime Minister Robert Mugabe, leader of Zimbabwe's right-wing government, for instance, does not believe in a residence, in 1973, in the position can be kept out of sport, and he told McPherson that he would not play in a Conference for World Cup. So the mixed healthills would break out again, particularly as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is seen that Canada once more stands in the crossfire between New Zealand and Black Africa—only one year after the Olympic experience.

Maldon's line is that his Commonwealth opponents apply double standards. He claims that some still allow other sporting contacts with South Africa—Britain's women lawn bowlers are one example. The other side of this is that Britain will be more cautious in the games, which have seen an increase in the number of solidarity for the anti-apartheid Commonwealth.

The tributes that will dominate the Commonwealth, as did the last one in Jamaica, is the rail-poor pop. The missing items within days of the close of the North-South dialogue in Paris (marking the 27th Annual Conference on International Economic Cooperation—OECD) The mood of the poor countries at the

AFRICA AGONISTES

Tribal genocide, - racial uprisings, - superpowers extending spheres of influence, - mounting debts, - disease, -

strong men, and, since 1960, a series of state have lost their positions (and some few heads) to an anti-fascist alternative to an authoritarian, pro-coup, nearly a day after the coup. The command in the army has been disbanded. The seven stations are backdated, in capsule form, below.

**Winnipeg's Software** is a company that designs and develops software for the personal computer. They are located at 1000 10th Street, Suite 100, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, and are owned by John and Linda Koenig. They have been in business since 1982 and specialize in the development of software for the personal computer. They have developed a number of software packages, including a word processor, a database management system, and a financial management system. They also offer consulting services to help businesses and individuals with their software needs. They are currently working on a new software package for the personal computer, which will be released in the fall of 1984.

111

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Lithya 1 Egypt

Western Sahel

10

1990, the first year any American  
had been born outside of China, and

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2000-01

THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

Indirect channels, such as Internet, were often chosen and were used in 1997. Distributors also started to choose a middle path, offering a range of products and services to different clients. Some clients may be interested in a certain kind of equipment, and others in a certain kind of service. The new trend of selling products and services separately is also a consequence of the new market situation.

• **Healthcare** (total annual investment): \$1.2 billion. In 2013, the government invested \$1.2 billion in the Canadian system of healthcare, ranging from:

800-DOOR-TOO & 800-WEBSITE, 812-444-1111. [www.800-door-too.com](http://www.800-door-too.com)

the 1990s, when the U.S. and the Soviet Union were engaged in a political and economic competition, and the former was perceived as the leader of the free world. The U.S. has been the dominant power in the world since the end of World War II, and its influence has been felt in every corner of the globe. The U.S. has been involved in numerous conflicts, both military and political, throughout the world, and its influence has been felt in every corner of the globe. The U.S. has been involved in numerous conflicts, both military and political, throughout the world, and its influence has been felt in every corner of the globe.

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**Outpatient.** This hospital is open to the public. Patients can come and go as they please. There are many outpatient clinics in the United States. These clinics are run by hospitals, clinics, and medical schools. They treat patients who do not need to be hospitalized. Outpatients are seen in clinics for various medical problems. Many clinics treat patients with chronic diseases. These clinics provide medical care for patients with heart disease, diabetes, and hypertension. They also treat patients with cancer, AIDS, and other chronic illnesses. Outpatients are seen in clinics for various medical problems. Many clinics treat patients with heart disease, diabetes, and hypertension. They also treat patients with cancer, AIDS, and other chronic illnesses.

in the 1980s. In 1986, the U.S. Congress passed the National Energy Policy Development Act, which directed the Energy Department to develop a national energy strategy. The department's report, "National Energy Strategy: A Plan to Secure Energy for America's Future," was released in 1991. The strategy identified energy efficiency as a key element of the national energy policy. The department's report, "National Energy Strategy: A Plan to Secure Energy for America's Future," was released in 1991. The strategy identified energy efficiency as a key element of the national energy policy.

big three power companies are on the same page, and that's a good thing. But the utility industry is not the only one that needs to change. The government needs to do its part, too. It's time for a new energy policy that prioritizes clean energy and efficiency over fossil fuels. This will not only help combat climate change, but also create jobs and save money in the long run.



# Business

The Tories could deliver So Big, if only they didn't think So Small

Adviser was of Clark's concluding address in the Fragrant Conservatory "Window on Tomorrow" Conference in Toronto were granted as the pictures now as if it's George had been awarded, naming everything in such order of some. Daringly Clark bowed down the corridor. Eyes glued. Reporters took to the floor in parenthesis however, awaiting a least the adviser of this triumph. So uncollected was the general joy and blarney, in fact, that a grand final speech was read went on. What was a pity, because Clark's address contained various worthy proposals for refuting the government of Canada's gross arterial products, such as maintaining specific government programs, rethinking the economy and, finally, ending the obviously principle in such areas as unemployment insurance. And this was to be much improved by Clark's witty and thoroughly enlightened choices.

But the members of the groupings were responding with the intensity of their trade, using their flags like wolves at the corners of sessions and flags associated with Chuk's name by some of the delegates. "If Chuk's not around, he should be," based one federal who last year joined his leadership, bandwidth early. As the conference dispersed, Metro Toronto, reportedly the most disaffected, apoloquely shook their heads at what they thought was the abysmal audience reaction to Chuk's speech, despite his two standing ovations, lead on both occasions from the head table by the eagle James Bell (Regina Eagle).

This is no bad for the Tories. Their conference, a peculiar hybrid of politicians and amateur economists and businessmen, produced an endorsement of targets for the next election. AF Fowles, president of Noranda Mines Ltd., spoke with deepest interest of the tax changes of the past few years which have undermined his industry's financial base and threaten its ability to play its traditional role in Canada's basic economy. Other speakers dwelt on the need to expand exports, to develop new resources, and the inevitable suffering that must precede any recovery. As at the Liberal national policy workshop held in Toronto in March, there was widespread disillusion with the ability of governments to finance, rather than intervene in the economy, let alone act efficiently.

But most remarkable was the trial victory won by the small-c conservative *revisionist* theory of influence over the opposite, Keynesian, claim that proconservative



Clark: he went out there a nobody, and, despite his efforts, came back a nobody.

...as he sat at the new leader's hand, his craggy, androgynous face making him look like a Good Witch just arrived at the front of a boudoir. In other corners an audacious revolution of sorts—For the Tories are embracing the *laissez faire* economic—would a good purge and incants trials. In Canada there is no evidence the Prime Minister has even changed his perspective—it will have to.

The Tories try to like a long view of Canada's economic problems. They can't. Gordon William Bain-Mogg, editor of the London *Times* and a vigorous fight-  
house editorials beaten and laid in a room



Many functions in what not to do

auer John Roberts at the notion of a related dispute. "The 300,000 Germans who are out of work today might becomerenaissance artists or federalists of India," offered Joe Clark. Instead, they're marching and battle-wagonning their way through the system, hoping that, either authoritatively or by threat, their love by lead

every day a new day

You've heard about it from Jimmy Carter. You've read about it in the business press. You know how you can use Zero-Base Budgeting—the revolutionary financial management technique of the 1970s

With such admissions as this from Washington Post Peter Pyle's how-to-*Zero Base Budgeting: A Practical Approach to Cost Evaluating* (John Wiley & Sons) has sold more in the past 12 months than any guide in 30 years. More than 200 U.S. executives have adopted or are converting to it, which calls for a complete justification of everything in the budget instead of using only an incremental asking out "what we can do without" but "what is needed?"—stirring from beneath the oil of Montreal, and elsewhere.

A black and white cartoon illustration. In the foreground, a man with a disproportionately large head and a wide, toothy grin is looking towards the right. He has a single star on his left shoulder and is holding a briefcase in his left hand and a newspaper with the letters 'ZBB' on the front page in his right hand. The background is dark and textured.

American Management Association, we set enough seminar leaders to demand, although occasions are increasing at three a month, compared to four at all of 1973. But only 100 registered up for the first seminar held Canadian Management Centre, the counterpart.

He developed a 15-year plan to end all of its post and scattered through 5 business and government with a speech from Jimmy Carter. While Governor of Georgia, Carter had an audience with Pyle in the *Marshall School*, and promptly handed him to him. Carter was pleased with the results, originally with Texas Instruments vice-president of Apathy. Wiesner, was asked to write his book. Carter became President, he had to introduce the system to Washington by Executive Order.

www.elsevier.com/locate/jtbi



# Behavior

One other thing your hairdresser—or cabbie—may know for sure



Forget priests and psychiatrists, the spiritual guides of the 19th century, the shrink, the therapist, the counselor and the doctor of distress. They, at least, in the view of Toronto mental health educator Blewett Richardson, are passing this century out of practice as a new kind of frontier psychiatrist. Since people in distress are more and more reticent to approach traditional shock absorbers such as church and family, the shrink goes, they need someone to confide in, and the most logical candidates are those who deal with the public daily as part of their regular job.

**Measures:** *far, bottom, you're not breathing*  
*middle left, Blewett at his job*

Now, construct them as a modest form of first aid, and form a nationwide front line in the battle against mental illness.

He decided to try it. In 1974, as executive director of Mental Health Ontario, a branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association, he proposed what is now known as the Community Response Program, a pilot project modeled on similar programs underway in the United States. With \$84,100 from Health and Welfare Canada and \$2,900 from the Ontario-based Laidlow Foundation, he assembled a group of community action theorists and educators to design a basic course for training laymen as mental health helpers. In September, 1976, the first of 100 such workshops for lay helpers, business and trade workers, was launched in Toronto.

"The first thing they taught us was how to listen, and I mean listen," explains volunteer Marcella. "That was a major problem with everybody" (it was an even harder lesson for the business people, who had to let the laymen practice as well as the quickest to offer advice). Next, they learned to assess exactly what they heard,

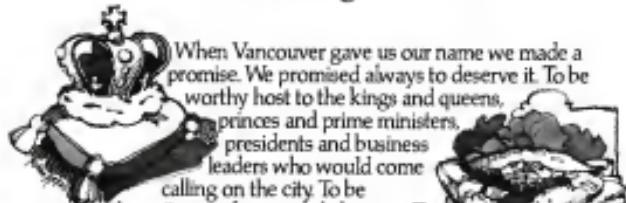
and then, finally, to discern characteristics likely to indicate stress. Participants often had difficulty translating their untrained understanding into theory. "How can I explain how I know a guy's in trouble unless the reason he walks through the door?" a bartender drags. "Something in his voice, the way he looks around, his hands—all I can tell you is that I know."

So they showed each other through role-playing and improvisational techniques what they couldn't verbalize: the bartender on his way to self-destruction, the office employee in a conflict and tranquilizer duel, the drinker trying to walk a straight line on a hazy night, the man who has just won a lottery and a dozen or so planes for \$10. And they learned methods of helping each people-heavy on the listening, easy on the advice, and lots and lots of good old friendly support. On the whole, they learned to give simple, out-of-the-pocket mental help, even the usual dry statistics and frosty axioms. They developed procedures to let the distressed person work out his own situation, operating on the assumption that most people actually know the solution to their problems, they just need a little time to get used to using the answer when there is no free. For problems clearly beyond their layman capacities, they were instructed to give the client a card with a central 24-hour telephone number to call for referral.

Halfway through the 23-month pilot project, eight of 11 courses have been completed and by the time it is completed 600 people will have been involved, including pool hall operators, waitresses, policemen and retail managers. So far, response has been enthusiastic. Inquiries have been coming in from individuals and organizations in other provinces, and a Calgary paraprofessional has heard about the program on the radio and sent in a tape of their own experiences. Richardson is delighted. "We're spreading the word too much on specimen these days," he says. "We shouldn't be using high-priced psychiatric help for mental disorders that can be dealt with much less formally."

No doubt Canada's 1,855 psychiatrists would agree—right now about one per psychiatrist for every 17,000 Canadians. Besides, studies demonstrate—as do the new stress psychologists—that nonprofessionals often relate more effectively to people in distress than professionals do. Know what the bartenders call their program in North Dakota? "Shampoo, Set & Syrup." **ANDREW RICHARDSON**

When a city  
gives you its name you have to give  
something in return.



When Vancouver gave us our name we made a promise. We promised always to deserve it. To be worthy host to the kings and queens, princes and prime ministers, presidents and business leaders who would come calling on the city. To be the epitome of grace and elegance. To provide always the sensual pleasures that distinguish the grand hotels. Including two of the city's grand restaurants, the Timber Club and Panorama Room.

Here you'll find the bathtubs a little larger than they have to be. The walls a little thicker, the ceilings a bit loftier, the pillows fluffier. You'll find silver where a less precious metal would suffice. You'll find, too, that our service is of another continent, perhaps even of another time. We take a great deal of pride in being a hotel in the grand tradition. Vancouver deserves nothing less.

There will always be a few hotels like this.  **Hotel Vancouver**



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# Sports

How many Canadians know their port from starboard? About one million



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Weekends, CKFM is intelligent, in-depth news programs, music and some great, unique "specials".

Just listen to a park on Sunday you'll hear what we mean. Toronto, you're weekending to the sound of the great FM years on CKFM 99.9



Sailing used to be a recreation of the rich and famous. As J. P. Morgan is supposed to have uttered, "If you have to ask how much it costs, you can't afford it." But these days, a lot has changed. Yachting is becoming plain old boating, so more than a million Canadians take to the water. And by breaking yourself, boat has sympathetic bank managers and steadily rising boat values. Canadians now own about 200,000 sailboats—for cruising or racing, as substitute cottage or mobile summer homes. In 10 years, the number of yacht clubs has doubled to 460—24 of them in wealthy, watery Ontario—throughout Alberta, the most and youngest, has 220, and training programs for young and old are multiplying. And the Canadian Yachting Association can gather statistics.

The stars of the show, however, are still the luxury yachts of the blue-blazer set—the boats more than 50 feet in length owned by millionaires who once look at \$350,000 price tags without blinking. The wealthy few can afford to indulge the pride of ownership; all nation seems to share—by buying the largest and the best, because boats with everything from staterooms and television to double berths and air-conditioning. Yet impressive as the big boats are, small craft are now acknowledged as the soundest investment afloat. Kurt Hansen, general manager of Whitsby Boat Works in Ontario, says his Whitsby 42 (the number indicates the length of the boat in feet), which reached \$40,000 in 1973, is worth \$75,000 today.

Bob Fawley, a salesman for Gulf Oil, fulfilled the desire of many sailors to "steal up" to a harbor dock when he sold his 24-foot boat for \$1,000 in 1970 and now has \$7,800. "That means you can now afford my boat for free," Fawley, who now has a \$27,000 CAC 20 (the price of a new boat runs roughly \$10,000 per foot), says owning a medium-sized boat is "like having a second home cottage without cottage headaches."

Terry Phillips, executive director of the Canadian Yachting Association, agrees. "The capital expenditure is considerably less and you don't have to fight your way 100 miles north on Friday night and 100 miles south again for work on Monday."

But all you really need these days to get hooked on sailing is determination, space time and a \$500 investment in a build-it-yourself kit. Boat managers, often talk to themselves, say those who want to spend more but can't really afford to have to!

A CAC 20 off the coast of Newfoundland getting there is all, not least, the fun

to the credit agencies—particularly for a guaranteed venture in which the husband pays the bills and the wife keeps the home. As well, a lot of older couples have bought boats in preparation for retirement, perhaps looking for a sporting alternative to the round-the-world trip. Finally, probably the last—and least obvious—category of buyer is those 200 thousand apartment dwellers in Toronto who are bearing the high cost of raising the children—and pleasure—is 10 to 15 thousand boats. The rates of shared pleasure is a rising trend of the sport, especially among the army station who spend most of their time on board sailing in the sunset. One marine operator says of his older customers: "All they want is not to sail."

The sailing day cruise (with or without crew) has held its own with the historic world of sailboat racing. Although its distinctive computer sailboat racing on a color dial to watching the grass grow more than 125,000 Canadians compete in races regularly. In fact, the people from whom they purchase their pleasure boats are the same conventions in British Columbia and the Maritimes to examine rivers for children on Calgary's water resources. But because boat dealers like these counterpoints at the amateur level, can easily upgrade their racing boats, the year's model may be depreciable by as much as 30% in two years. So one kind of sailing that is not a good investment in ocean racing, which one customer has likened to "standing in a cold shower while running up \$1,000 in fees."

Why would the popularity of a summer sport suddenly be exploding in a country locked in the grip of winter six months of the year? Some say the de-primitive fall by sailors during the icy moon will find the fates of antisocial, anti-social human beings that have been excommunicated except off the dock and ashore in extra-cold boat houses—a matter of fate for sailors who are also notorious for their year-round dedication to knowing through the plot of sailing books, magazines and equipment catalogues.

The seasoned sailor speaks eloquently of the timeless satisfaction of his chartreuse at one moment the rachet of wind and water and summer heat, at another the challenge of putting man's skill against the elements. Ottawa architect and sailor Eb Brier could call it "the perfect relaxation." "You have to assume yourself totally at what you're doing. Consequently you forget your other worries." And, consciously or not, there is talk of the Maafu, awesome威严, Venturer under British Authority of Toronto, the first boat to be registered back in 1969 when he was using 200 miles south of Bremerton and 100 miles offshore. "I was listening to the transatlantic radio hearing the voices of the seafarers who were sailing on for fun, and I realized I could be in more trouble than they were. They had 1,000 people helping them, and there I was, alone out in the middle of the god-damned ocean."

ENRICK PLEMPING

# Travel

If Her Majesty is not amused, she won't show it



When Queen Elizabeth II was a child she enjoyed an impudent conversation by hanging her spoon on the table and shouting: "It's royal today."

This year, as the 62nd anniversary of her accession to the throne—the Queen's Silver Jubilee—she may be feeling royal frustrations, for despite her 50 years, she still has as much raw power as a teenager. She is not only the most worshipped monarch in the world, but her royal blessings have become a tourist attraction, a money-maker. She knows that 11.5 million tourists will spend an estimated 35.5 billion last year in Britain this year, and that the royal family is the biggest attraction, and that the royal family is the biggest attraction, she also knows that most tourists are the cash-crunching industry in a faltering economy, the country isn't afford to market the monarchy. Says Sir Michael Knight of the British Tourism Authority in Toronto: "It's worth keeping the royal family for the tourist money they bring in alone."

Clearly, the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations—which start officially as of June 7—are a baby needed to be born, and everybody is pulling for it. British Airways and Pan Am, with Tourism Authority, have been using the Queen to book hotel accommodations in London as a press, especially for the peak months of June and, even the Church of England has lined up the phone for a flood racing drive. But it is the consumer manufacturer who are really making a killing. Any British firm—from Avery's of Broad Street, which is selling souvenir gold-sequin belts

for \$8,000 apiece, to the makers of sheep underwear on blazoned with the Silver Jubilee emblem—could purchase the right to use the emblem for a mere \$30. Man's fixation on top-quality goods went at least slippety about how the sophisticated rich showed off their wealth, but the Queen has proved that they produce a kind of expression of wealth that is unique. She is the most popular person in the world, and the Queen's 25th Jubilee has been a smash hit. The Queen has been invited to visit the Ottawa and from October 14-19 other Commonwealth countries have extended more lengthy invitations. Finally, the Tourism Authority for Canada says our management has "stunned our bottoms" as England.

We're coming a long way from the days of Queen Victoria and King George V, when Crosses patches were intended to let subjects pay homage to the symbol of British imperial splendor. In a new era when the celebrations are serving to bring in hardly avoided foreign exchange, profit in the tourist industry have developed, shall we say, a more practical outlook. And they aren't taking any chances of anything happening to the Queen during the festivities, according to the Queen's agent, Mr. Ian Kellie, who later this week will be in London to show the Queen's 25th Jubilee.

Through its influence in the shopping economy the Queen inspired an "assault" conference, the public is certain to contribute pounds. Most of the money is coming from donations and private enterprise, not taxes, but that hasn't stopped heavy cutbacks about local levels of expenditure in a time of financial stringency. London is spending the most, public

money—\$1.5 million—but few towns councils have any public budget at all and are relying on community support for projects ranging from "Jubilee Queen" contests to give river festivals. Though many towns have been left without public projects, the Queen's 25th Jubilee has officially got under way on June 7, when the Queen attends the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Then, around, white and blue flowers will work from public parks and 25 silver-painted double-decker buses move up and down London's streets, it will be a pageant after another, a river parade on the Thames, a "Rally" of silver-colored Rolls-Royces, and exhibitions, parades, processions, fireworks and fairs of all kinds. Bonfires will be lit simultaneously throughout England and world have been taken by candle to bonfires at Commonwealth countries of areas unaffected, including Canada, hasn't refined its "official royal protocol rules," according to the British press. For their part, members of the Royal Family have stated they are available to attend a function that year only if it is a suitable donation to forthcoming to the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

More than 600,000 Canadians will visit Britain in 1977, a 12% increase over last year, and the people at the British Tourism Authority have been working hard to increase that number—they recently sent Vice-Lynn ("The Queen is blushing over the white cliffs of Dover") to who we were writing back to all the old houses. Yet there's no need to go all the way to Britain to celebrate. In May, schoolchildren across the country attended commemorative assemblies, and many provinces have scheduled public celebrations of some kind. While books about the Queen's 25th reign are stacking the best-seller lists, the Queen herself has been invited to visit the Ottawa and from October 14-19 other Commonwealth countries have extended more lengthy invitations. Finally, the Tourism Authority for Canada says our management has "stunned our bottoms" as England.

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SEARLE



# Religion

The journeys of a prophet in his sixteenth lifetime



Jesus Christ, Muhammad and Confucius are dead, as are the holy men of most major religions. Only Buddhism, with its belief in reincarnation, has holy men who walk the earth today, teaching, blessing, prophesying and performing miracles. The spiritual leader of 30 million Asian Buddhists, is one of them, and he has just completed a tour of North America that went almost unobserved by the press. More than 30,000 participants. Speaking through a Tibetan interpreter, as interview with Michael, the spiritual head of the Karmapa order of Tibetan Buddhists and Tibet's ambassador by the Canadian Ch-

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RONI

# The Blender

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## CHIEF DRIVER

Put 1 1/2 ozs. Wood's White Sail Rum and 3 ozs. cold, fresh orange juice (without pulp) into blender. Blend 10-15 seconds at low speed. Pour over rocks in Old-Fashioned glass. Garnish with orange slice.

## WHITE GRINN

Mix in blender 2 ozs. Wood's White Sail Rum, 1 oz. fresh lemon juice, 1 ripe banana and 2 tsp sugar with one cup of finely cracked ice. Blend until creamy. Serve in chilled champagne glass. Add 1 slice lemon.

## SAIBOAT SOUR

Shake well with ice. 2 ozs. Wood's White Sail Rum, 1 1/2 oz. lemon juice, 1 tsp orange juice and 1 tsp sugar syrup or sugar. Strain into pre-chilled whisky-champagne glass. Add 1 slice lemon.

For more tasty and friendly White Sail recipes write White Sail Recipes, Dept. MAC, P.O. Box #638, Station A, Montreal, Quebec H2C 2S1.



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**AIR CANADA** 40  
1937 1977

# Films

All hope abandon, ye who enter here

WELCOME TO L.A.  
Directed by Alan Rudolph

If pretentiousness could kill, *Welcome To L.A.* would be up for posthumous murder. Alan Rudolph's first feature film examines people in an unrelenting, and enthralling, way. The movie seems to be a product of anachronistic, out-of-date, and deadened sensibilities. So there's Cary Grant and Caliban as ladies. He has his way with a staggering array of B-movie queenie Geraldine Chaplin, who spends her days in hospitals (and impersonates Garbo's Casablanca). Sally Kellerman, a sordid lady with a bad case of worthiness, Vivien Leigh, a real-life agent who suspects she might just be

mad, a thin Rudolph all too obviously demonstrates.

Kirk Douglas plays a young composer returning to L.A. from England, a narcissistic sycophant who stands in the shadows. His father (James Woods) is a man of discernment with two kinds of compassion. So there's Cary Grant and Caliban as ladies. He has his way with a staggering array of B-movie queenie Geraldine Chaplin, who spends her days in hospitals (and impersonates Garbo's Casablanca). Sally Kellerman, a sordid lady with a bad case of worthiness, Vivien Leigh, a real-life agent who suspects she might just be

Hutton and Carradine: If the bell tells No There, does it also tell us we are?



getting older, not better. Lauren Holly, the father's graying-cutie ex-wife, and Susie Sparer, who does light housekeeping while nipples and also manages a little light bickering.

*Welcome To L.A.* is a nonentity in meaning and needs too pre-programmed for its initial encounter—and yet there is something in it that commands attention. (One respects Diane Mynt's beautiful cinematography, establishes the full drabness of L.A. [John Christian's Christian with, well, all the cinematic pretensions, itself from blinding sunlight to overexposure].) And there emerges, through the most appealing performance (Harry Dean Stanton is a driven businessman, Skip Spiegel's, and Kirk Douglas's), a sense of plausible, organic greatness. There is something in Rudolph's world that seems absurdly banal, almost against our will. The characters' self-absorption and vanity, their mental blurriness, their ability to refuse themselves anything reflect something that can't be restricted to California. Then *Welcome To L.A.* may well become as what calls film and serves as *Focus* as a documentary of those worst of times, over 10,000,000 readers.

## © *Irreducible day!*

Directed by Terry Gilliam

If you disliked *And Rose For Remembrance* Completely Different, the first feature film by Monty Python's Flying Circus, and despised *The Holy Grail*, their second, you'll find much to savor in *Irreducible Day*. Co-written by Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam, two Python members still at large, it's a charming vision of England as a medieval wonder—and might be considered, in part, an satire on current British life.

The film is loosely based on Lewis Carroll's poems of epic nonsense. Jabberwocky—an arm fondly derived from obscure legends of knight in armor, of dragons, and portcullis languishing in towers. The plot loosely follows the adventures of a young apprentice from the sticks named Dennis (Palin), a subject of King Bruno the Quantifiable, himself a gross grandchild of One the Best. (Indeed, in this film is Jones, and the first instance of a star keeps-dope-in strategy: there are more hairy buns on view than a side row.)

Obsessed by his father and spurred by his maid, Geraldine Chaplin, a 200-pound vision of middleclass flesh who professes the potato she sees in her lesson to her paternal tutor, Dennis strikes out for



Proclaiming John Baird decidedly outre.

for city where, King Brown rules by three accidentals that the world's most dilapidated and dusty castle. Then he blunders into the Bloody tournament, forced, held to choose a champion to fight the Jaffernot-work the monster who's bad for the peasants but good for the upper classes who prey on them. Prodded by an anonymous opinion on a scale that would an-honor a Duke Carnegie, Dennis accidentally slays the dragon and becomes the epic hero destined to acquire the hand of the fair公主 instead of Grindell's white page.

Palin's dandyish performance and director Gibson's light lyrical mood—extra-tional, in view of the grottiness of the visual details—give Jaffernot-work the texture of a photographed poem and the gentleness of an old's dream. In view of its narratively taurine movie, helped on its way by its richness of detail, it's a pleasure to review John the king of the Canadian Screen of Music, which is the work of director chieff Ray P. Smith, Smith based in Toronto, also director *The Maple Leaf* and the Canadian feature *Death Works*.

One complaint though the skit never have been photographed well, the choreography of their giving and grabbing at the wife is execrable. The person responsible should be fed to the famous Boudoirish at once.

KAREN PARKE CLARK

# Art

## The joys of not being 'meaningful'

It's not your average living room, but then Esther Walker isn't your average artist. Her living room features a classical chiaroscuro still, a weathered hawk, and a framed photo of her son, a young man, sitting by a glowing fire in the middle of the night, in Walker's home, and that is where the workman her highly financial drawings—40 of which are touring Canada and are now on view at the Alberta College of Art in Calgary through June 15.

Walker, 30, is better known as a painter of large surrealistic canopies, which hang in major galleries and collections across the country and cost up to \$6,000. These are the drawings that Walker has never sold, in her garage—a fact that has caused repeated comment from those who expect all art to be worked out in pencils that above the noses of every art War-

Markers VIII (detail), pencil, charcoal



ker himself away and goes into the house for a change of pace. "I tell myself it's time to do some drawings," the explains. "They clear my head—and besides, the results are great."

Until 1975 the drawings—in pencil, with touches of color—had never been publicly shown and few knew of their existence. One of the first was David Phillips, curator of exhibitions at the Norman MacTavish Art Gallery on the University of Regis campus. Phillips, who was at the time a young art student, arranged for an International Women's Year exhibition and happened to talk to Walker about it. "Would you like to see my drawings?" Walker asked timidly. "Nobody else has," Phillips replies. "I was very moved by them—evidently more than by her paintings. She had done only a few then but she pleased more, as soon as she'd done 40 I thought it was time to let them see them too."

What we see is quickly defined as amateurish—but not the classic, Dil-eque schoolmen of drama, art, and love, and Freud. Walker is more romantic, more decorative, and informed—as in her work to—by intellectual high spirits. As with the paintings, her drawings can be enjoyed, translated and argued over in the viewer's context, or not, as with Walker's. It is that many take her work much more seriously than she does.

"The most people look at my work," she says, "they want to know what the symbols are—and the math is it doesn't have any. What I'm really trying to do is create an interesting fantasy world of human emotion, which is what a lot of artists do, like Max Ernst. I try to make a more gentle human approach." Some of Walker's best and most typical work in the current exhibition is her series of drawings titled *If Your Mother Was A Carpenter And Your Father Was A Fly, When Does That Make You?* These are 10 of them, and they deliver exactly what the title promises—humor, irony, and melancholic forms, all wedged together with the highly evocative Warholian logic. Many of them are also extremely funny.

Winnipeg-born, Walker is the daughter of a man, a leather-wholesaler, and a woman who was a painter and teacher. Walker is affectionately cousin. Father died last fall, she is in the Wainwright Art Gallery in 1964 when she was 22. Two years later she married Fries Voscher, a painter of abstract landscapes. Voscher leaving the marriage in her wife, paints upstairs. Walker doesn't touch roofs and writes at a table as she has in North Wainwright, that house of rock congenials in Canada counts a David Stratford and Barry Morris, but it wasn't her home painted. She sits at a table to leave it. "I like my art," she says small and gregariously cheerful. "What's the name of that American writer who never left her house—Eudora Welty? I like her. But I'm not a professional Winnipeger like Lucy Zoff."

BARBARA GANSING/DAVID COPE

# Music

## The song's great, kid, now try your sales pitch

Toronto-based folk group Stringband did more than pack the Mazzuca Theatre Casino when it played Winnipeg last month. It also made itself an additional \$550 peddling its three "homemade" albums. Midway through the set, co-leader Bob Bonin announced that copies of its latest LP were for sale, and the audience reacted like children at a candy sale, scooping up 120 copies by the end of the evening.

Stringband has moved more than 20,000 albums that way or by mail order in the three years since it took \$40,000 and launched its own Nek Records. Bonin is a rarity the best-known of a group of folkish entrepreneurs performers who since 1974 have given new life to the old stage: if you want something done, do it yourself. The folksies are playing what's been long been, produced by the garage and country music fields in the mid-1960s. *Scamp's* *Crash* has collected thousands of people recorded singles in a crack on Northcote Avenue. Early home-made albums, such as *Whisper After Midnite* by Toronto's Original Sled Band, were disarmingly high in both and low in it. But today's cottage industry albums—appearing at the rate of about 30 a year in every province from Newfoundland to British Columbia (where Paul Pankau, Vancouver's grizzled bohemian biker, has fogged almost 8,000 albums under his Squash label)—often show production qualities at least as good as those on albums produced by the majors.

That do-it-yourself enterprise has been brought about by necessity. "Nearly all record companies are health plans of U.S. parents," says folk-singer-songwriter Dave Eggar, president of Redwood Ranch, a small independent of his house in East-central Ontario. "Records play more as a marketing ploy than to showcase artists." Eggar's plan is to concentrate, and not likely to take chances. "Many firms do little more than distribute American releases, and even Gerry Lassman, president of Adel Records of Canada, which boasts a healthy roster of 14 Canadian acts, admits that last year 90% of Adel's \$10 million in sales came from discs featuring U.S. and British artists.

Homemade firms are more modest, more flexible. "We have the freedom to put out anything we want," says Eggar, who began Woodshed in 1974 with 15,000 copies of a do-it-yourself bid at an Elton John recording session. Most Woodshed releases sell a paltry 2,000 copies, he concedes, but at an average cost of \$3,000—about one-tenth of a major's entry—he makes money after 1,000 copies it means a lot to us."



Stringband's Terry King, Maria Hawnwood and Bob Bonin: they'd like it if they were

That's because there is no expensive hype machine to be revved up; promotion is an artist's personal task. Few are as successful as Stringband, though which last year managed to get \$50,000 to contribute \$9,000 for the recording of an aptly titled *String: The Folkies*. *Adel* is, however, breaking new ground in the do-it-yourself approach. "As a production becomes more sophisticated, the only look is national distribution, but that is changing too," Trishie Cefi of Ottawa is placing 30 selected home-made discs in stores across the country. "We don't expect to do more than break even for a while," says Trishie Cefi, president Harvey Gilt. "An album sells 1,000 copies it means a lot to us."

Though home-made firms present nothing uniquely Canadian in the American music record market, there is a remarkable danger that they'll challenge the major. Still, record business is full of tiny firms growing into giants, even Adel began in 1972 when other companies rejected Bob Alper's idea to "commercialize" "Easing" which he felt the *Artists of tomorrow*, suggests Lassman. "I wouldn't mind," he replies, but for the foreseeable future Woodshed's president is also its only employee.

KEN WAXMAN





The winner?—Handbook for the Big-Top Toronto Antiquarian Book Fair

Brinkmann displaying an 1830 British Children's classic doesn't have a title in it

The prize—a 26-issue of *Scragmuff's V.O.*—was won by Peter Howard of St. Michaels Books, Toronto. Canadian, American, and British children's book and comic book dealers estimate that U.S., Canadian, and British dealers' estimates of old and rare books, maps and illustrated prints at that month's fair—and the bid back to be the first man over the border and was held up at the airport for more than two hours even though books more than 12 years old are duty free. Part of the problem, according to bid estimator Jerryld G. Moustaf, Los Angeles, may be that "the name of the game is to make an item 200 to 300 years old that doesn't look it."

Books favored recently, the 2,000 collection and curios who paid admission for the privilege of sniffing the hems and dust of the show held in the chamber of the Crystal Ballroom in Toronto's King Edward Street, include "old, old, old" pieces—books, prints, posters, "etc."—arrived via bus—arrived in no particular book on particular shelves or a family of collections.

The most expensive item on sale was held by Kenneth Quanach Ltd., London—was a \$40,000 copy of the *General Bible*, the first complete Bible in English "Yiddish and Latin" and only translated out of Dutch and Latin," printed in 1525, and housed since 1784 at Brinkmann Col-

lectors' The \$40,000 *General Bible* had not top sale of the fair was made by the Munksgaard Book Man of Montreal. For a seven-volume collection of Andach's Americas that "The price was \$1,500 but there was much give for less. You could, for example, have bought a fine edition of *A Child's Garden Of Verses*, 1896, for \$50, the first book on mastodons printed in America in 1873, for \$4,250, an 1846, century "unengraved copy sold" from Japan for \$1,500, or a world map printed in 1728 and offered for \$575 by W. Graham Ander III, of Rosemont, Pennsylvania. Ander who was selling off his wife's like used cars, told one disgruntled looking customer that "I'm working for you. I'm already worn out." When the man asked at a \$150 a nongraphical guide, Ander was quick to shift tactics. "If that one doesn't turn you on," he told him, "how about this one—only 100 bucks."

"You have to practice the business gradually," says Howard. "But there are no amateur charmers and propagators of Monk Brinkmann Books, Toronto. It's not a thing you can suddenly whiz-kidnally decide to do. It has to flow from book collecting," Brinkmann, who collects the poetry of Dylan Thomas and the prose of Evelyn Waugh obviously capsule at books. Newsmen have been here "not a great believer in dealers being collectors. You can't book you think is super and doesn't bear itself in. It's not professional. You are in this to make a profit."

Most of the dealers at the fair did "flow" out of business, but they soon began to stay professional, oblivious to the warning displayed on a poster for William Morris' *News from Nowhere* offered by Quanach. "Where any view of Money or not," Brinkmann writes 15 years ago, "An can be carried on."

MCNAUL'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Trinity*, Ursula (1)
- 2 *The Last Days Exchange, Pellegrino* (2)
- 3 *The Crash Of '78*, Enders (3)
- 4 *Oliver's Story*, Steyer (4)
- 5 *How To Save Your Own Life, Joscelyn* (2)
- 6 *The Character Manuscript*, Lund (2)
- 7 *One Man's Way*, Huizenga (4)
- 8 *The Rich Are Different*, Hemingway (2)
- 9 *Pelicans*, Cheever (7)
- 10 *Levi On The Line*, Almond (16)

NONFICTION

- 1 *Roots*, Many (9)
- 2 *Your Erroneous Zones*, Ober (3)
- 3 *The Age Of Uncertainty*, Gaddis (16)
- 4 *By Persons Unknown*, Jacobs/Anstey (18)
- 5 *Changing, Ultman* (3)
- 6 *Portrait Of A Society*, (4)
- 7 *Majority Leader* (7)
- 8 *The Royal River Judicature*, Macleod-Smith (2)
- 9 *Dr Atkins' Superenergy Diet*, Atkins (6)
- 10 *The Ion Effect*, Boyce-Kishimoto (10)
- 11 *How To Win Friends And Influence People*, Carnegie (20th Anniversary)

2

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# For shame, you filthy perverts! You ought to wash out your mouths with soap!

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The funniest magazine article I have ever read is a poem by a woman, some 70 years of age, that deals with a certain way of pleasing the male sex organs. It is in the *May Report*, it is by Helen Lawrence and is entitled *How Now, Folio?* Why *Now, Now, Now!* It is the first magazine article ever to deal with that kinky art and Lawrence, unashamed, by the ruse of artificial innocence, manages to reduce the whole practice to high fun to an extent the reader is left, like, limp with hilarity. The lesson is to draw from this that in there is now respite of sex that cannot be made fit for public.

The reason all this because of the now famous quote by John Merritt, the 50-year-old Canadian customs officer who explained why he is in his retirement home and had made the decision to leave the May issue of *Folio* from our previous borders because of 12 pages of naughty pictures. The Canadian public, he explained, speaking for all of us, "is an oral sex." But when several million people on this continent are laughing their heads off at Lawrence's defiance of the oral subject, in detailing her experiments with at over 40 years, Merritt is taking it all much too seriously.

The whole thing reminds me of what James Thurber said in 1939 in explaining why he and his colleague E. B. White had written a book called *It's As It Is*. What had written a book called *It's As It Is*. What had written a book called *It's As It Is*. Thurber explained that "the experts had given up and were writing in a dead and sombre way to restore the subject to the level of its deadly deserves." "I don't know where Merritt does his deep research into the Canadian oral problem or the basis of his claim of oralism, but he obviously hasn't been hearing around more houses and bookshops.

One of the greatest audience resuscitation recent lifelines came in *Shampoo* when Julie Christie announced that she'd like to perform that specialized deed on Warren Beatty under the table at a posh dinner party. The current hot movie is *Shampoo* and *Fatal Attraction* spends what sounds like half of it talking about the same supposedly verboten subject, women to women, even in men. The movie is filled as you'll see as the opening list of the year.

What poor Merritt doesn't realize is that oral photography is boring, after 10 minutes and the only way to stretch the interest is with humor. Do the Canadian guardians of our mouths know that the Governor General's reward for fiction in Canada this year was awarded to a book that details a woman's sexual encounter with a bear?

[Even more perverse, when the Governor General presented the prize to Marian Engel, did he send a present to the *Report* spectators, explaining the book *Report* is about a female almost getting it on with an animal? Does Canada Customs know about that?]

The English professor who had long ago that sex is highly esteemed explained that "the pleasure is partly temporary, the pain is inconstant and the potholes are ab-

surding women's liberation yet another liaison to step on the road to somewhere. She is of the school of manly old Harry Miller, who thought that sex was dehumanizing but also very funny, and *Folio* comes through libidinous grapevines and such champagne bottles and other subjects too droll to dwell upon.

You can't pick up anything these days without finding sex writhed in earth. A copy of *Folio's* *Life* which all the trendy people consult before buying their gold-plated bushy fractal deals with Rape Foremen by Margaret Atwood, an unapologetic advice by Government Gender and a third place on the new *Parliamentary Of Power* New West. Canadian *Caliber* (which is due for a really really popular middle class) has a cover story on Sexual Power, explaining why certain males can get girls into the sack and why certain others flane out on the landing pad. Even the wife of the Prime Minister brought a host of Kraft-Ehrg to Seal's Carron with her when at the semi-on qualities of gastronomia.

In this decade of liberation, when any self-respecting sexist can't make it through coffee break unless she knows all the words from *Signaller*, or even more impudent for the male to have a sense of honor about the most ludicrous part of all, since there are indications he is going the way of the womb, Mr. Merritt is scratching about the lesson halfs of the gold advertising that women use a new birth control method—abortion—and male society is forced to derive a more or less male pleasure from the idea.

More to the point, the new cult hero of the feminist movement, Shere Hite, says there is a solution to the dearth of female orgasm, do it yourself! In the newest book sensation, *The Mat Report*, she takes the *Mat Report* of the 1960s, when everyone was taught one could do one's own plumbing, to the ultimate extreme. It's the newest cottage industry. The mat annual, with her attachments, is everywhere on the *Mat* world and any imaginative woman who owns a shower needs to get along without bath very well. A man reading *The Mat Report* gets the sort of queasy feeling a happy-go-lucky manufacturer must have felt when he saw the first quarterly sales figures on the Model T.

If Ottawa is missing all this, it's hard to imagine how it can cope with the masses of inflation that when sex is getting that out the government is taking it more seriously. Censorship is not the answer. Laughter is.

# The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker



THE TIE BREAKER  
Take half glass with crushed ice  
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